Mary G. Boyle

Dublin 25th 1844

The Sleep Book

THE

LADIES SCRAP BOOK

HARTFORD.

S. ANDRUS & SON.

THE

LADIES'

SCRAP-BOOK.

"Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play,
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."

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LADIES' SCRAP BOOK.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Among the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI. across the Atlantic, in search of a safer home in another hemisphere, was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage: she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine, generous-spirited boy, grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person; his clear dark complexion, laughing eyes, and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for its just proportions and natural grace. It was on the subject of his education that his father felt most severely his circumstances; he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty

means that Rio de Janeiro supplied, were put in requisition, and in every respect made the most of.

"What a pity it is," thought the good Marquess, "that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that *money* could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had!" cried the father, impatiently pacing the room: he suddenly stopped, and appeared for a full half-hour wrapped in thought; then starting from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of ——, had a long conference with his sister the Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth, at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected, the Marquess became anxious and impatient; it arrived at length; Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called: "My boy," said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee; "how would you like to be *married?*" Alonzo was just turned seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's hesitation, "very much indeed, sir!"—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfections of half a dozen other Donnas, glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. "Then married you shall be," replied his father; "sit down, my son, I have an important communication to make. I need

not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it; —in fact we are *very* poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give: I wish you, in short, to take your station in the world,—that station for which your birth and talents so eminently fit you: but this wish cannot be accomplished without *money;* and money, as we are situated, cannot be procured, except by—marriage."—A pause:—the blood receded from the cheek of Alonzo, but bowing his head, he replied, "I understand you, sir." The Marquess proceeded: "Senhor Josef Mendez owes his rise of life to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil: he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth. I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believed it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's, where the ceremony will take place: from thence you start for England. My worthy friend, Mr. Mordaunt, will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time, you will return to your home and friends,—your bride, and fa-

ther. I pray only that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives;—I shall then die in peace!" The father and son embraced with emotion. "But,—" said Alonzo, hesitatingly; "but,—the lady, sir?"—"True,—the lady," replied the Marquess; "why,—your *lady* is but a child at present,—she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say (the Marquess tried to look grave,) her health is considered delicate: however, in all that personally regards *her*, I confess I am rather deficient in information."

Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alonzo, who was an universal favorite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's, and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. "May the saints protect you, son of my brother!" cried the good lady; "Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house;—blessed be the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo, thou takest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There is no good in this world without its attendant evil;—may thy golden chains lie lightly on thee!"

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active,—with a long queue, cocked hat, brown dress-coat, and a flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words, and for once in his life natural feeling

swept away his whole routine of compliment; which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the centre of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its neighbors, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull looking building, with large white-washed rooms, a few of them only matted; rows of old-fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers somewhat faded, in vases; a French clock in a glass case, old massive silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper;—such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little, dark, fat, good-humored Senhora, arrayed in stiff flowered satin, whom Senhor Josef introduced as his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and led him into the sala, where presently a small table was brought in by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart: "The ship sails to-morrow," said the Marquess: "it is very soon," and he sighed; "but, as you observe, we had better not lose the opportunity."

"Much better not," replied Senhor Josef: "every thing is arranged: license from the bishop, the priest,

and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time."

"And your daughter?"

"Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child, and a sickly child; she has been sadly spoiled and petted, and, in consequence of her ill health and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected: however, we must begin to make up for lost time."

"Well, Senhor," said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, "the sooner the business is finished the better." Senhor Josef whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to-morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: "Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavorable emotion she may excite: remember we have set our fate upon this cast!"

"We have indeed, sir!" said Alonzo, gravely; "but the sacrifice is great." By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no,—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling honor and independence, and what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bedrooms to make some alteration in their dress; which

was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room. Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son; the Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father; the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had, (their present residence,) the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo; but no land would he purchase; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and the son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory: his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, "Senhor Josef has performed his part nobly:—oh, my son! for *my* sake struggle to support yours." Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as

usual in catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side; the priest and witnesses took their stations, as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length a scuffle was heard in the passage, and "*Non quero! non quero!*" was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment afterwards Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose disordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what desperate service they had been engaged. The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which, according to the Portuguese taste, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion: in her ears and round her neck were clumsily set diamonds of great value; her hair they had attempted to dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, straight, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenances of her father and aunt; and all present looked dismayed. But poor Alonzo! his blood ran cold: he actually sickened—and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the centre of the circle, the girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair: she

was panting with rage and exertion evidently beyond her strength; she glanced first on the Marquess, and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next; when, to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favorable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers, —but *his* fell, as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk: he visibly shrunk as he touched her cold and skinny hand—in short he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a sort of convulsive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door, (no one thought proper to prevent her;)—there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo: their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar; but what that expression was, Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theresa made an apology for her niece, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast more abundant than elegant; and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference

over their coffee; and Alonzo, availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scene of the preceding day, to take leave of him personally; but—and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case containing a set of pink topaz of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it in his name, as it appeared he could not have the honor of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring containing one deep-yellow diamond, of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora with the felicity of her sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessing of his new relatives, he went on board, accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection; giving him, of course, much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune: but not one word was breathed by either concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all,—the rivet to those golden links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact; he felt that any thing he could say on this delicate subject *must* be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the Continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy, were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art, of each country; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals,—but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words: "The only chance you have of domestic *peace*, (happiness is perhaps out of the question,) in your peculiar circumstances, is to *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care: if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again, *guard your heart!*" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to

the last sentence, said emphatically, "let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the Continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, beside the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that lightly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England: and a year and a half had been passed, with the highest advantage and improvement, in travelling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London: and, alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the god of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in profaning the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend the Brazilian *Chargé d' Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the *sex* showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the

Chargé attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction: he looked also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen: there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style, and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the Chargé; "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the Chargé, exultingly; "she is one of us—Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend: "she is called *the beautiful Brazilian*, and is the novelty of the season, making sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her."

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil: she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be *engaged* in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please:"—and away they went.

The Chargé first introduced Alonzo to the Countess, and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother—indeed, I owe her *very* much."

"Her love and care at least seem to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo: "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately;—and I may also venture to say that I know *you*, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt: I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved."

Alonzo sighed as he recollected that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters: the reason was obvious,—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance,—glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and natural remarks—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt. "She is a good specimen of your country-women,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly—to a Portuguese nobleman: this has been published as much as possible to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as *she* is engaged, and *I* married, there *can* be no danger:" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to receive morning visiters,) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprung up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never in his eyes was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in *their* own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was *his* eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him,) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators—"The two Brazilians—an interesting couple, are they not?"

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing she returned to the

side of the Countess or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never received any visiter except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes; he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well, that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite so sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, "Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So soon! can it be possible!"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's: the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to to make such a move as that?" inquired Viola: "you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening."

"I ought not to be so," said Alonzo, trying to rally, "for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home."

"Indeed!" said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed;

certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired; while looking at them, Alonzo observed that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendor of her jewels.

"How comes it," said she, "that I never see *you* wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations."

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him —"Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. "Draw your card, my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check," cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long upturned lashes, were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine.—The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her as usual by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

"Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?"

"Really:—and *you*, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And *there?*" said Alonzo, in an inquiring tone.

"O there *we* shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say, in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to respire more freely; then after a pause—"but I shall never again meet *Viola!*"

"But Viola, Don Alonzo," she replied firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now." He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken by Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the next day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the

Countess. "You are come to take leave of Donna Viola," said her ladyship.

"No, I am not, I am come to take leave of *you*, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not of Viola?" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said,—that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns, too, he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous ves-

sels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin:—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, "Don Alonzo!"

"Viola!" said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: "Viola!" (the word seemed to choke him,) "I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!"

"Alonzo," she asked, in a tremulous voice, "are *you* free?"

"I am not *irrevocably* bound."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, "Then I must tell you, that *I am*. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—*I am married*.—But stay!" she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,—"stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!"

"It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to

his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel: he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that impeded his way to his cabin, where, locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under way: she soon began to move,—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel, —when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: "She loves me!" —that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: "She loves me!—and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!"

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. "Alonzo," he said, "I have been sadly to blame,—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola,

whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note," putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. "Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for *my* sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! Viola."

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. "I am told," he said, "that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyze his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbor Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty moun-

tains: this, too, was passed, and the harbor of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them: in the afternoon they visited the good, kind, Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court:—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning, after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo—(I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe:) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were

both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French and Italian: there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?" asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. "She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It was arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean,—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of "auld lang syne," of which one loves to dream in spots like these.. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,—were all tried, and in vain: every day, every

hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess: with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking: this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor: he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

"Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you."

"To send for me?" repeated he listlessly.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you."

"A friend of mine!"

"You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?"

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

"Viola, did you say!—Donna Viola!—recollect her!—what of her?—what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

"She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you."

"I am ready," said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. "This is too—*too* much!" he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and prest it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. "Alonzo," she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, "I have heard, from the Abbess, of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—"

He hastily interrupted her: "I will promise nothing—nothing!—Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doating father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of *me*. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared:—he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them; he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. "If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take:—she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy!"

Full of this thought, he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy: he saw but one objection to the attempt: if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views,

how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in: a spy-glass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. "Is she near the fort?"—"here she comes,"—"she is abreast of it,"—"now for it!" and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, "Thank heaven, there they are at last!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"Well," thought Alonzo, "I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it;" and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away: a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: "Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore between seven and eight Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toillete;* and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered: the door closed; and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"Yes, I have," was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

"Certainly," said Alonzo, firmly—and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination: with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"She waits for you in her garden-room," replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room: the door was ajar; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moonbeams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the farthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe:"—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both: permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while, with

a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

"Alonzo, can you forgive me?"—It was Viola!

"Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practiced, and caused others to practice? May the prize I strove for—my husband's heart—plead my excuse! I know it will!"

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that *that wife was Viola.*

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage: "May we come in?"

"Come in," said Alonzo—the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied

the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

"And you, my grave and worthy tutor," said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, "did *you* join in this powerful league against me?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it."

"Alas! for my vehemence," exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: "And you, too, my dear aunt,—you, too,

my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May Our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess devoutly, "for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried out the Marquess, as he marshaled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola, (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight)—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircle the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

THE PROUD LADYE.

BY MISS LANDON.

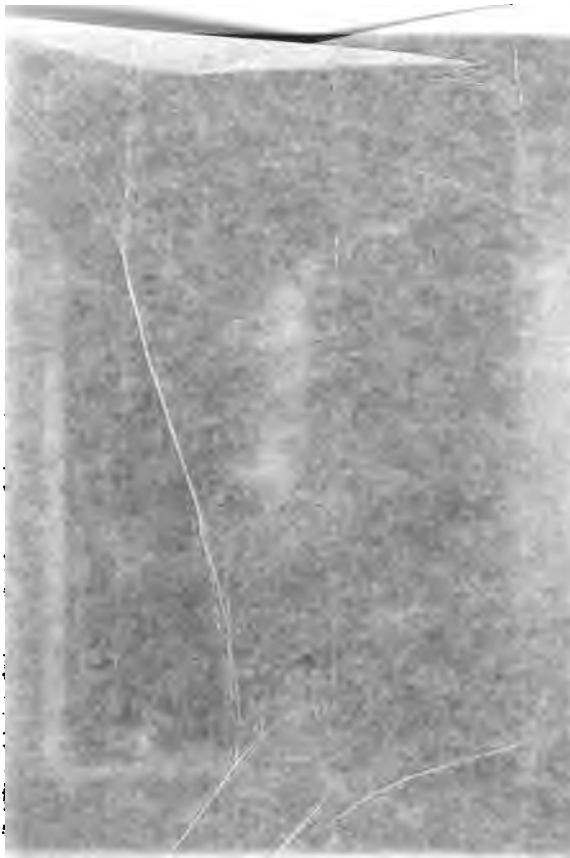
Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride?
An hundred knights from far and near
Woo'd at that ladye's side

The rose of summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that woo'd for her loveliness;
But her answer was still the same.

"There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.



J. H. Holland, Printer

Painted by Thos. Johnson R.I. Plate 24.

The Proud Lady

T. & Holland Printer

At last there came a youthful knight
  From a strange and far countrie,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
  Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love
  Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
  Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first, to steal his soul
  By dance, song, and festival;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
  He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,
  And flung him on his steed,—
There was not a saint in the calendar
  That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
  If Heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,
  The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye Adeline
  From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
  And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
  Ladye, for love of thee?
The honor that guides the soldier's lance
  Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
  The victor's crown to wear;
But not in honor of the eyes
  Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
  Through thy proud crueltie,
And far more was to me his love,
  Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
  Through which that brother fell;
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
  And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,
  For love was in her heart,
And o'er her slumber there came dreams
  She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
  Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
  Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,
  And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a veiled nun
  In Saint Marie's cell.

THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

From the Imperial Magazine.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by the fall of a part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery general of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress, and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded round their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet. The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments, and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested, in spite of himself, by the glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Camilla such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose; and, instead of becoming him-

self the executioner of Suli Bey, he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who, full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scimitar to its sheath, and assure them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanor, than they began to address him with the most high-flown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Camilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her countrywomen. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom, by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors, in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me?"

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conqueror of Temeswar! Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands?"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then, why do you not fall at my feet, and ask your life."

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made the sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her fine eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity, he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are, therefore, unable

to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity, by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively I am weary of your eternal questions, and I will answer you no more to-night."

"Am not I your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me, and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice."

"Oh, prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the East, and rejoice in the good fortune that hath transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think that the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in praising and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes—a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping, "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm. "Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go too far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the bye, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part I felt as if I were being strangled, all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less, than that he will cause you to be sewed up in a sack and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh, what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villanous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey, with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word, that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins, fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them: "and now, my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she, as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

"Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something truly dreadful from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffim expected, on being conducted into a gloomy vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and

containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water, and a platter of rice, which were placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermilion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of liberal temper compared to you" said she, pointing to the pitcher and rice.

Achmet's brow darkened—"Always Suli Bey!" cried he angrily; "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little farther than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian, hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched misbelievers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is no wise tamed," said the Pacha; "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness, if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true,

but never at the bidding of its jailor," replied Camilla, looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure that you follow me to the banquet—nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will."

He then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with Eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers, and essences.

"Come, my princes, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is the vigil of St. Peter; nor am I disposed to sing, or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you to do as I command you?" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No; you can neither force me to sing nor to be merry; but I will tell you what you can do—you can order your Aga and black slaves to put a bow-string about my neck, and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey again!" exclaimed the Pacha furiously—"answer me one question—did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why, then, do you torment me with his name?"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him, and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love, call you it?" exclaimed Camilla; "slaves that they are, in mind, as in person,—they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," replied Achmet, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I doubt it not. I never even heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies, according to your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her, to living without her."

"I certainly have never been loved after this fashion," saith the Pacha, after a long pause; "yet, nothing less will content me now. And you, Camilla,—have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this, that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing!"

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me"——

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love?"

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it is

not one compliance, or two, or even twenty, that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it!" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little; you are behaving pretty well at present. Yesterday I detested your very name—to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay, and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain with you against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri! but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

"I hope if I dream at all, to be favored with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country!" said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind—"and shall I never behold your orange groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil!"

Such scenes as these were of daily recurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Beatrice and Antonia; sometimes they did not end so placably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains

that bound him—" the slave of your caprices, Camilla. Would that I had never seen you !"

" Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I had not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

" By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy ; but you have made me the most miserable of men ! I am wretched when absent from you ; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her guitar—his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day, when he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said—" Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

" Because my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

" Ah, Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go ; you are free. Return to Spain—that beloved country which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke—Camilla looked up—their eyes met—they both burst into tears.

" Ah !" exclaimed Beatrice, " you love one another ; wherefore, then, should you part ?"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eyes! will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you by Allah, that my harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; "you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine, and I will hear you patiently on these matters; and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may be easily imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride; and who ere long had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret but decided proselyte to Christianity.

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY MADAME JULIA DELAFAYE-BREHIER.

"From the Southern Literary Messenger." [Translated from the French.]

....On a peu de temps a l'etre (belle,)
Et de temps a ne l'etre plus!

Madame Deshoulieres.

In a parlor furnished with much taste, and from the half-opened windows of which were seen the winding walks, and "alleys green," of a park, filled with magnificent and shady trees, two young ladies were employing themselves in those delicate works which have become the portion of our sex, and which, whilst they appear to occupy the fingers only, serve also to divert the mind in a pleasant manner, and even to give a greater facility to the current of thought. One of the females, either by chance or design, had placed herself opposite a mirror, where she could not lift her eyes from her work, without seeing herself reflected therein, adorned in all the brightness of a beauty of seventeen years, who might have served as a model to the sculptor, or as a study to the painter. A rich profusion of black hair, in the tasteful adjustment of which, Art had so nicely seconded the gift of Nature, that it was scarcely possible to say to which its elegance was owing, set off the snowy whiteness of the neck and face; and I would add, (if I may once more be permitted to avail myself of the superannuated comparison,) that the freshest rose could alone compare its

beauty with the carnation of her cheek and lip; to these charms were added, a form of the most graceful proportions; and, all that the youthful may borrow, with discernment, from the art of the toilette, had been employed to increase, still farther, beauty already so attractive.

Half concealed beneath the draperies of the window, near which she had placed herself to obtain a more favorable light, the other female pursued her occupation with undistracted attention; a certain gravity appeared in her dress, her countenance, and in her physiognomy altogether. Her eyes were beautiful, but calmness was their chief expression; her smile was obliging, but momentary; the brilliant hues of youth, now evidently fading on her cheeks, less rounded than once they were, appeared but as the lightest shadings of a picture; sometimes, indeed, deepened by sudden and as transient emotion, like the colors which meteors throw on the clouds of the heavens in the evening storms of summer. The gauzes, the rubies, the jewels, with which the young adorn themselves, were not by her employed merely as ornaments; she availed herself of them to conceal, with taste, the outrages of years; for the weight of more than thirty years was already upon her; and the ingenious head dress with which she had surmounted her hair, served to hide, at the same time, some silvery tell-tales, which had dared thus prematurely to mingle with her long tresses of blond.

"There's broken again! look at the detestable silk!" said the younger female, throwing her work on a sofa; "I will not do another stitch to-day."

She rose, and approaching the mirror before her, amused herself by putting up afresh the curls of her hair.

"You want patience, Leopoldine," answered her sister, looking on her affectionately, "and without that, will accomplish nothing. You will require patience as well to conduct you through the world, as to enable you to finish a purse."

"I know the rest, my sister," replied the younger, smiling. "Do you forget that a certain person has charged himself with the duty of teaching me the lesson? Ten purses, like that which I am embroidering, would not put me out of patience so much as this silence of M. de Berville. Can you conceive what detains him thus?" added she, seating herself near her sister, "for, in fact, he loves me, that is certain, and nothing remains but for him to avow the fact to my aunt Dorothee."

"This looks very like presumption, my dear Leopoldine," pursued the elder sister, "and that is not good; what can it signify to you what he *thinks!* I hope your happiness does not depend on him."

"My happiness? oh! doubtless not, but, in a word, Stephanie, he is a suitable person, and if he will explain himself——"

"It will then be time to think of him; until then, my sister, I beg of you to see in M. de Berville but an estimable friend of our family, an amiable man whose society we honor. A young person should never hasten to give up her heart—above all, to one who has not asked it."

"Be easy on that subject, sister; I mean to keep a

good watch over mine; the venture of your heroine of romance will never tempt me; but this is the fact, sister, I do not wish to remain an *old maid*."

At these words, which Leopoldine spoke inconsiderately, the countenance of Stephanie was flushed with a sudden crimson, and for a moment shone with as beautiful a brightness as that of her young sister.

"There is a condition worse than that," answered the former, with lively emotion; "it is, to have formed an ill-assorted union."

"Indeed, my sister, I did not dream I should give you offence," replied the young female, much embarrassed, "but the world is so strange! you know this yourself. Thus I cannot conceive how it is that you have remained single."

"If no one has wished to espouse me;" added Stephanie, smiling.

"What! In reality? Can such a thing be possible?"

"Assuredly, although I believe it is a case which rarely happens, and I grant did *not* happen to me, for I found many opportunities of entering the married state, but not one which was suitable."

"You were, perhaps, difficult to please?"

"I think not. Whilst yet young, about your age, my hand was sought by one who lacked nothing but a fortune, or at least, an estate, capable of supporting him in respectable society. Our parents, at that time, deprived of the rich heritage which they have recovered since your birth, refused him my hand, for a motive, which I have since, though by slow degrees, learnt to appreciate, but which then rent my heart. My thwarted inclination left me with an indifference

as to marriage; it was the way in which my youth resented its injury. I would have none but a husband after my own heart; not finding such a one, I resigned myself to be no more than an *old maid*, finding it more easy to bear the unjust scorn and ridicule of frivolous people, than to drag on to my tomb under a yoke, troublesome and oppressively heavy."

"Do you not sometimes feel regret?"

"No, Leopoldine; that condition, which appears to you so frightful, has its happiness, as well as the other states of life. I have shaped my resolution with a regard to the wounds of self-love, which I have had to endure; I have called into my aid the arts and letters, which it is so difficult for married females to cultivate with constancy, without prejudice to their domestic duties; and lastly, when by the death of our dear parents, I found myself in charge of your childhood, in concert with our worthy aunt, my liberty became doubly dear to me. Had I been a wife and mother, I should not have been able to devote myself to you as I have done. Have I not had reason, then, to remain unmarried?"

"Well, if I should tell the truth, Stephanie, after all you have said, I should better like to be ill matched, than not matched at all."

"This perverseness gives me pain, my child," replied the elder sister, "but I will believe that it is for want of reflecting on the matter, that you talk thus."

An aged lady, the aunt of the two sisters, came in at this moment, holding in her hand a closed parasol, which she used as a support. She seated herself in an arm-chair, resting her feet on a foot-stool, which Le-

opoldine placed for her. After regarding for a while both her nieces, with a look of complacency, she thus addressed them.

"They tell me that M. de Berville is at the entrance of the avenue. For which of your sakes is it he honors us with so frequent visits? For my own part, I am quite at a loss to say. The more I observe him, the less I can divine his intentions."

"You would be jocular with us aunt," answered Stephanie, "there can be no doubt as to his choice; it is as if any one could hesitate between a mother and her daughter."

"But he has not explained his views," rejoined the aunt, "and it is very fine for you to make out you are old, my niece; I find you still very young, compared with me."

"You forget, too, aunt," added Leopoldine, in a lively tone, "that M. de Berville is, to the full, as old as my sister. If merit alone was sufficient, I should have reason to fear in her a dangerous rival; but my amiable sister is without pretensions; she knows that youth is an all-powerful advantage, although in reality a very frivolous one, perhaps——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the aunt, "take heed, my child; reckon not too much upon that youth, nor even on the beauty which accompanies it; I have seen strange things in my time; and a man capable of holding himself neutral so long, is not one of those who may be subjugated with a ruby, or caught by a well-disposed bouquet of flowers."

A smile of incredulity passed upon the lips of Leopoldine, who was about to make an answer in accord-

ance with that smile, when M. de Berville was announced. Although of an age somewhat too mature for a *very* young man, his dignified and elegant manners, his fine figure, his distinguished intellect, his reputation as a man of honor, together with his fortune, made him "a match" which no young lady could deem unworthy; and I have made the reader already acquainted with the favorable sentiments entertained towards him by the beautiful Leopoldine. Stephanie entertained full as high an opinion of his merits as her younger sister; it may be even, that being best able to appreciate the estimable character of M. de Berville, she rendered to it the most justice; but she received him simply as a mother who believes she has met the future protector of her daughter, and endeavored, by innocent means, to bring to a successful issue the plan of happiness which she had secretly conceived. The aunt, piquing herself on her skill in finesse, sat observant of the actors in that scene, hoping to penetrate, from their behavior, into their most secret thoughts. As to Leopoldine, the veil of modesty, beneath which she sought to conceal her real feeling, was not sufficient entirely to conceal the joy of the coquette, rejoicing in the triumphs of her charms. Yet that joy and that triumph received some checks; for she did not appear, even during that visit, to occupy exclusively the attention of M. de Berville, as though she alone was the object he came to visit. The conversation took a serious and instructive turn—one little suited to the taste of the young and frivolous. They discoursed of the sciences, the arts, and of literature. I have said that Stephanie had made these things a

source of comfort and recreation—that she had occupied her mind in such pursuits, not for the purpose of display, but as a charm to her leisure hours: such a companion as M. de Berville was well adapted to value rightly the mind and the knowledge of Stephanie. She suffered herself to be drawn into the current of the various topics of conversation with a pleasure very natural; and Madame Dorothee plainly perceived that de Berville was even more pleased than her amiable niece.

Proud of her youth and beauty, Leopoldine had disdained instruction—neglecting, for childish gaiety, the lessons of her masters and the recommendations of her sister; music and dancing were the only arts that she would consent to cultivate; those, because they might serve to make her shine in the world. Incapable of taking part in the interesting conversation which was going on before her, ennui began to show its effects on her charming figure—moodiness took possession of her spirits, and fits of yawning, ill suppressed, threatened each moment to betray her. M. de Berville, altogether occupied in the pleasure he was enjoying, perceived it not, but Stephanie, guessing the misery of her sister, contrived adroitly to introduce the subject of music; and, thereupon, begged of her sister to sit down to the piano. She knew that her sister's voice was considered remarkably fine by M. de Berville, and hoped by this means to recall his attention to her, but the old aunt thought she could perceive that M. de Berville found need to task all his politeness to hide the disagreement he felt to the proposition; and Stephanie herself discerned much of coldness in the

compliments which he addressed to the pretty songstress.

Botany is a science peculiarly suitable to females who reside in the country; it is a source of ingenious discoveries, and of pleasures equally elevated and delightful. Under the shade of trees, or the fresh green sward, on the banks of the river and the brook, and on the sides of the rock, are its charming lessons inscribed. M. de Berville loved the science, and offered to teach it to the two sisters; they accepted the offer, the elder from taste, the young Leopoldine from coquetry, seeing no more in it than an opportunity of displaying her lightness and her gracefulness, in running here and there over the grass, to gather the flowers. She insisted upon one condition, however, which was, that they should only go out in the mornings and evenings, so as not to expose their complexions to the heat of the sun. Stephanie approved of these precautions. The care taken by a female to preserve her personal advantages has in it nothing blameable, and Stephanie was the first in setting the example of this to her sister; but on more than one occasion, the desires to possess herself of some flower, rare or curious, carried her above the fear of darkening her skin a little; whilst Leopoldine, the miserable slave of her own beauty, could not enjoy any of the pleasure freely and without fear. One circumstance—and it is of a grave character—will show to what an extent she was capable of sacrificing every thing to her frivolous vanity.

A burning state of the atmosphere was scorching up all nature; the sun at its highest point of splendor,

presented the image of that celestial glory, before which the angels themselves bow down and worship; the withered plants bent beneath the solar ray; the birds were silent in the depth of the wood; the locust alone, interrupted by his shrill cry, the silence of creation. Behold, bathed in sweat, the reaper slept extended on the sheaf, whilst the traveller, in a like repose by the side of some shaded fountain, awaited the hour when the sun, drawing nearer to the horizon, should permit him to continue his journey.

In an apartment, from which the light and heat were half excluded, surrounding a table covered with plants, Stephanie and Leopoldine were listening to M. de Berville, whilst he explained to them the ingenious system of Linnæus, or the more easy system, the "great *families*" of Tournefort, when a letter was brought in for Madame Dorothee, who was engaged in reading.

"Sad news! sad news!" she exclaimed, addressing her nieces. "Our excellent neighbor, Madame Revel, has met with a horrible accident; it is feared that her leg is broken."

"Good heavens! can such an accident have happened?" cried Leopoldine. "And yesterday she was so well! We will go to see her to-morrow morning. Shall we not, Stephanie?"

"To-day, rather, Leopoldine, to-day. Let us not defer for an instant the consolation which it may depend on us to impart to her."

"Well, then, this evening after the sun has set."

"No, no, let us set out immediately, and we will pass, beside her, the rest of the day. M. de Berville will, I know, excuse us."

"Impossible!" answered Leopoldine, "go out, so hot as it is! it would be willfully to seek a *coup de soleil*, which would make us perfect blacks for the rest of the summer."

"We can shield ourselves with a veil—with our parasols——"

"I should not feel myself safe in a sack; and for nothing in this world would I leave this house till the day is over."

"You forget, Leopoldine, with what courage Madame Revel came from her house alone, on foot, in the middle of a December night, in spite of the frost and the snow, to attend you when you had the measles, because they told her you had expressed a wish to see her instantly."

"Well, sister, I would sooner confront a cold north wind than the sun."

"The heat can no more be stopped than the cold, Leopoldine."

"Nothing is so frightful as a black skin."

"Sister, though I knew I should become as black as an African, I would not leave our friend without consolation at such a time; I will go with our servant girl; believe me, you will hereafter be sorry you did not follow my example."

"Permit *me* to accompany you, Miss," said M. de Berville, taking his hat.

"Really," answered Stephanie, "I do not know that I ought to consent to it; an hour's walk beneath a burning sun——"

"I fear not the sun any more than yourself," interrupted de Berville, "and perhaps the support of my arm may not be altogether unserviceable to you."

Leopoldine permitted them to depart, in spite of the reproaches with which her conscience now addressed her. She remained at home, sad and humiliated, arguing within herself, that M. de Berville ought to have joined her in endeavoring to prevent Stephanie from going, whom, for the first time, she secretly accused of wishing to appear virtuous at her expense. Madame Dorothee very shortly added to her discontent, by reflections which her niece was far from wishing to hear.

"Don't reckon, Leopoldine, upon having made any impression upon M. de Berville," said she; "decidedly, the more I observe him, the more am I assured he does not dream of marrying *you*."

"With all the respect which I owe to your sagacity, aunt," responded Leopoldine, in a peevish tone, "permit me to be of a different opinion: it is impossible but that the assiduities of M. de Berville must have some object, and as to that object there cannot be any doubt. If he delays to make it known, it is because he wishes to *study* me, as my sister says.—I do not think I have any cause for alarm on the subject."

"Suppose it should be of your sister he thinks—"

"She would be nearly the last he would think of," exclaimed the young maiden, breaking out into a fit of immoderate laughter. "What! a *young* damsel of thirty-two, who has gray hairs, wrinkles, (for she has wrinkles round the eyes—I have seen them plain enough;) a young lady in fact, whom people take to be my mother! what an idea! But I see what has suggested it; it is that promenade at noonday—a mere act of politeness, at which M. de Berville was, I doubt not, enraged at heart.

"Not so; that circumstance has only weight from that which preceded it. I grant, my dear niece, that there is between you and your sister a difference of fifteen years; and that certainly is a great difference: you dazzle at first sight; but only whilst they regard her not. M. de Berville was in the beginning charmed by your graces; but if I am not deceived, it is not those which retain him here.—You have been to him as the flambeau which conducts into the well illuminated hall, which instantly makes pale, by outshining, the light of the flambeau. Pardon me for the comparison."

"That is to say, it is by me he has been drawn to my sister, and now she has eclipsed me."

"She cannot eclipse you in beauty, nor youthfulness; but her mind, her knowledge, the qualities of her heart, appear perhaps advantages sufficiently precious to cause to be forgotten those which she lacks; and I shall not be astonished to hear that M. de Berville had taken a liking to, and had actually espoused her, in spite of her thirty-two years."

"If he is fool enough to prefer my sister to me, I ———Away with such an absurd thought; it is impossible," added Leopoldine, casting at the same time, a glance towards a mirror.

In spite, however, of the flattering opinion which she entertained of herself, a jealous inquietude had crept into her heart, and she examined more attentively her sister and M. de Berville when they returned together. The accident which had befallen Madame Revel was found to be less serious than it was first thought to be; the limb was not broken; but though

the satisfaction which she felt on this account, Stephania exhibited in her countenance an expression of uneasiness which was not usual with her. The two sisters were at length alone together, when Leopoldine questioned Stephanie as to the cause of her apparent agitation.

"I feel, I confess, a surprise, mixed with chagrin," she replied. "M. de Berville, whom I so sincerely desired to see you accept as a husband—who appeared to come here only on your account——"

"Well, sister!"

"He has offered me his hand."

"I don't see any thing that there is so *very* sad in all this," responded Leopoldine, dissimulating, (for she was choaking with rage) "if M. de Berville likes *old maids*, it is not me, certainly, that he should choose."

"This it is, which is to be a matter of sadness," continued Stephanie, "that rivalry, which was as little wished for as foreseen, will, I fear, alienate your affection from your sister, since you can already address me in words of such bitterness." And the tears suddenly inundated her face.

At the sight of this, Leopoldine, more frivolous than insensible, convinced of her injustice, threw herself into the arms of Stephanie.

"Pardon me, my kind sister, I see well that it is not your fault, but you must also agree that this event is humiliating to me; for, in truth, I was the first object of his vows: that man is inconstant and deceitful."

"No, Leopoldine, that is unreasonable. Attracted by the advantages which you have received, from Nature, he had hoped to have found in you, those also

which you would have acquired, if my counsels could have had power to persuade you. Your want of information, your coquetry, the ridiculous importance you attach to your beauty, have convinced him that you could not be happy together. What do I say? You never can be happy with any one, unless you come to the resolution to count as nothing those charms so little durable, which sickness may destroy at once, and which time, in its default, is causing every instant to disappear. To adorn her mind, mature her reason, form her heart, are all things which the young female should not neglect to do, whether homely or handsome. That beauty, on which you have reckoned with so much confidence—to which you have sacrificed the sacred duties of friendship—in what way has it benefitted you? One who is neither young nor beautiful has carried away your conquest, although she, perhaps precisely *because* she dreamed not of doing it. Profit by this lesson, so as, during the beautiful years which remain to you, to instruct and correct yourself. Another Berville will, I hope, present himself, who, won like the first, by your external graces, shall recognize, on viewing you more nearly, those good qualities, more surpassingly beautiful."

Leopoldine opened her soul to her sister's persuasions; she followed her counsels with docility, and soon reaped the benefits. Stephanie became Madame de Berville, and continued to act as a mother to her sister till she, too, was married. The sufferings and the fatigues of maternity were not slow, when they came, in effacing the remarkable beauty of Leopoldine; but there remained to her so many precious qualities,

so much of solid virtue—of the graces of the mind, that the loss of personal charms were scarcely perceived, and the young wife was neither less cherished by her family, nor less courted by the world, than if her beauty had been an abiding charm.

THE NUN.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas! to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Her's never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight sky,
So dazzling. When, to-morrow, she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and lo, a cell,
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discern'd
Naught save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the gray habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,

And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out, how holily!
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, e'en to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world!" when all was changed,
And as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veiled in her veil, crown'd with her silver crown,
Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,
He at whose feet she knelt, give, as by stealth,
(Twas in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity!

Like a dream the whole is fled;
And they that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
None were so form'd to love and to be loved,

None to delight, adorn ; and on thee, now,
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
For ever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy youth ?
As nothing !

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly ; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncall'd. The young and innocent heart,
How is it beating ? Has it no regrets ?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there ?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers !

THE SNOW-STORM.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

"'T is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man."—*Henry Mackenzie.*

In summer there is beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest beside some little spring that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene and solitary prospect. On every side sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude a stray sheep, it may be with its lambs, starts half-alarmed at his motionless figure—insects large, bright, and beautiful, come careering by him through the desert air—nor does the Wild want its own songsters, the gray linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to heaven above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of Innocence and Contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who

THE SNOW STORM.

may chance to journey through the same scene in the desolation of winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice—life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction; and should a solitary human dwelling, half buried in the snow, catch his eye, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in good truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer, or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their firesides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations, and events that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots that are carrying on in the great drama of life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poor-

est class of day-laborers who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent free, with their little gardens won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough poney that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire light reached its old oak-wood case across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, mid-day, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the laborer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen laying an open Bible ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness; for on this Saturday-night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them "her sair-won penny fee," a pittance which, in the beauty of her girlhood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labor a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long-expected Saturday-night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well, indeed, might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time, when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and

whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayers. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents, now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the Cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child—but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fire-side, they began to talk of her, whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

"She is growing up to be a bonny lassie," said the mother; "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring, kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our

sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth." "Ay, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister, as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the Examination in the kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock." "Ay—were we both to die this very night she would be happy. Not that she would forget us all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the Father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready, it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms

towards her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair, and letting it fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!"

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sugh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree, under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow, glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise—A storm is coming down from the Cairnbraehawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labors—and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black-Moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the

middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not, but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair and death. "Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor bairn!" But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow-storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fire-side—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim

white eyes—the pony and the cow; friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-Moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears;-but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-Moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger; for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling them-

selves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted,—and shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow, —of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor,—and, in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her,—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work,—happy in her sleep,—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, —and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this,—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed, —and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an over-ruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry,

and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover; "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name,—thy kingdom come, —thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her, in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity,—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in Heaven —then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! the father was lying but a short distance from his child;—he, too, had sunk down in the drifted snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage —a white spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them —that would be tempting Providence—and willfully

putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here, and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying with cold—and, unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before Him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright-burning hearth—and the Bible which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months—and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind-hearted daughter to delay setting out on a journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William—"there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-linn, and it may be down to the Black-Moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep-dogs, that had taken their place under the long-table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in

fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-Moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often past the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him, and, as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost.—As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with frenzy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fire-side—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills—and he now found, that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father, or mother, or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow-flakes whirled so fiercely around his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for

a voice. He sent his well-trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did,) and were eager to find in her bewilderment, the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay, that in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night, and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master—while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart—and at once the sole object which had blessed

his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that, sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me; and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death?" God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer—and he revered the Sabbath-day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart, by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish, was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"Blow—blow—blow—and drift us up for ever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us?"

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise—or anger—or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts,

with a giant's strength, and fell down, half dead with joy and terror, beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive, thank God!"—and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow-creature, in whose hand was the power of life and of death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow-drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreaking and disparting storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the ribbon that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to

William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death-bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her along, she murmured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor?—For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke, it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father—father," cried Hannah—and his grey hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and pressed through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet, they knew not of the danger each had endured;

but each judged of the other's suffering from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her color and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called—felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty—when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate—and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully—naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear; and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to

worse; for there, upon the hard clay floor, lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away, and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed indeed that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fire-side. The husband knelt down by the bed-side, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes, and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in

a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes, which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recall to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bed-side, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white steadfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship—and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy, so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death, had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal, partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked

upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen-Scrae upon the Black-Moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours, William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them—and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow, the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master—but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"My father will think I am lost," said he with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The sky smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendor—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger, there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crossed the Black-Moss, now perfectly still—and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee had so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents.

MARRYING WELL, OR THE SPIRIT OF '76.

From the Connecticut Courant.

CHAPTER I. PRUDENTIALS.

"We must discourage Roger's visits, husband," said Mrs. Hartwell, "or Lucy will be lost."

"*Married*, you mean, my dear."

"And would not that be the same as lost, Mr. Hartwell? Only think, a daughter of our's married to a shoemaker! You would turn Roger out of doors, if it were not for his politics."

"Why, wife, I have often heard you praise his industry and excellent character, and he deserves it—for he is really a very clever, sensible young man."

"So he is, husband, good in his way, and at his trade: but can you think him fit company for our Lucy, the only child of a justice of the peace?"

Now, Squire Hartwell happened to be in a self-complacent mood. He was seated in his deep cushioned high-backed elbow-chair, (a ponderous machine, containing sufficient material to frame a modern fashionable cottage,) smoking his afternoon pipe, and watching through the window the operations of his reapers in the broad field of wheat which covers many an acre of the gently rising ground east of the dwelling. Here were two sources of satisfaction, personal ease and the contemplation of his property. Then his wife had touched a most agreeable vein, his magisterial dig-

nity. Luckily for Roger, she did not urge to the utmost. Squire Hartwell had held the office of justice of the peace for a number of years, and had, only a week before the commencement of my story, received the additional honor of 'quorum,' to his justiceship. Like all novelties, this last honor seemed of far greater importance than his commission. Had his wife only said 'justice of the peace and quorum,' poor Roger would have been a lost case. But now, after deliberately shaking the ashes from his pipe, Squire Hartwell sat up in his chair with the bearing of a man who is intending to give impartial judgment, let the matter terminate as it may.

"I fear, wife, you are indulging too much pride. Are you not every day complaining of arbitrary distinctions of power, and crying out against the oppression of Parliament, and the insolence of the lords? And shall we now cast aside, as of no account, a vessel which may have been made unto honor, merely because it has not been fashioned in the same pattern as ourselves? No, no, wife, such pride will never do for Christians."

"Are you willing that our Lucy, as good and lovely a girl as the colony of Connecticut can show, should marry a shoemaker?"

"I did not say that, my dear. Surely, I can like Roger without wanting him for a son-in-law; though I think Lucy might look further and choose worse."

"She might marry Seth Trumbull."

"Probably."

"I have heard you say he was a promising young lawyer."

"Yes, he promises well, but it is the performance that makes the man."

"Then Dr. Walker is dying for her."

"If he is a good doctor he can cure himself."

"But only think of the difference between him and Roger!"

"Yes, Roger is three inches the tallest."

"How you talk, Mr. Hartwell. I never like to hear joking on serious matters. I think Dr. Walker will be a good match for Lucy. He is gaining practice very fast, and you know he belongs to a respectable family."

"Of tories."

"There, now, politics must be brought in. I wish I might never hear the word TORY again."

"I say *amen* to that wish, my dear—were there no tories amongst us we should bring Parliament to reason. It is Dr. Walker and such as he, who strengthen the hands of government against us, and encourage this constant encroachment on our rights."

"I don't know what he has done; but he has said that he didn't care about the stamp act, if he was obliged to purchase stamps for his pill paper, but,"

"I suppose he was only joking."

"But Roger would never have said such a word in any way. He is a true Whig, every inch of him, and when the struggle comes he will be found in the front ranks."

"Hear me, Mr. Hartwell, do you think our people ever dare to fight the British soldiers?"

"Dare? Yes, indeed, if the Parliament continues to oppress us. And if every man had the spirit of

Roger, we should beat them, too," he added in a low tone.

"Well, I declare, you fright me. But I cannot believe such terrible times ever will come; and I think people better attend to their own private affairs, and let the government alone."

"So Dr. Walker says, my dear."

"And it is my own opinion, my dear; so no wonder I should esteem him. I think he would make a good husband for Lucy, and I have set my heart upon her marrying well:" and Mrs. Hartwell stepped out of the apartment before her husband could reply. She had sufficient sagacity to know that the longer he defended Roger, the more he would incline to him; and she dreaded, lest in the glow of patriotic feeling, he would take the resolution to admit the shoemaker as the lover of Lucy.

"Marrying well," mused Squire Hartwell, as he reclined in his easy-chair, "marrying well. Ah, that is a true woman's idea; a very good one, too, only the mischief of it is, they do not always calculate rightly. They choose the man who is well off in the world, and reject those who are likely to do well. Now ten to one the last will prove the best match."

CHAPTER II. THE RIVAL.

"What heavenly sunset! cousin Lucy," exclaimed Anna Minot, as she leaned from the open window, with eyes fixed intently on the west. "See there, Lucy! that rich purple cloud fringed with flame, as though it were the falling mantle from some fiery cheru-

bim—and just above it, see that cloud, like a screen to prevent us from looking to Heaven—is it not sublime?"

"Yes, Anna, it is beautiful—very—and here, in the east, is a beautiful moon rising to match it. See, the pure bright orb comes out the moment the sun has hid his face, as though she wished not to attract any of the admiration which belongs to his shining sublimity. The moon seems to me the type of modest woman, who delights to reflect the happiness and prosperity of those to whom she is dear. You smile at my simile—well, I confess the moon always my favorite among the heavenly host, and had I been a heathen born, I should have worshipped the moon."

"And the sun too."

"If I had been taught, yes; but I should have adored the moon from the impulse of my own feelings."

"Probably; and yonder comes the swain who would have the gentle moon to reflect his light."

"Anna!"

"Oh, don't blush so, my dear, the moon never blushes. And don't look so grave,—though it's rather serious business to manage, because your honored mother has set her face so decidedly against your swain. But never mind; Roger has a bold heart, and it is my opinion he will win the lady. Your father likes him."

"They agree in politics."

"Better than they do in property, I believe. Ah, Lucy, look this way; here is one coming from the west who has a host of recommendations to your father."

"Who? Oh, Dr. Walker. He will never gain my favor, I assure you, notwithstanding his host of recommendations."

"How perverse of you, Lucy, not to like a fine, accomplished young man, who is dying for you. Only consider the thousand advantages of having a physician for a husband. Look here, will you? the full moon is not favorable to reason; and besides, there is something beneath the moon that may draw your attention."

"Don't speak so loud, Anna, pray."

"Are you afraid Roger will hear you?"

"No, no: how ridiculous! Let us go down to the parlor."

During the conversation of the cousins, the two young gentlemen named as approaching, were rapidly nearing each other. The dwelling of Squire Hartwell was located at the junction of three roads, where those from the east and west, which were merely paths, united with the great northern highway. The house stood a few rods back from the junction, having a peach orchard in front, a profusion of rose bushes around the solid wall, and a high and heavy gate which shut out the dusty view of the street.

The object of the rivals seemed to be who should first reach the gate. Dr. Walker had the shortest and smoothest path, but the long and rapid strides of Roger were every moment diminishing the inequality; and as for the stones and hillocks in the path, he minded them no more than he would have done thistle down.

Dr. Walker increased his speed almost to a run—it would not do. Roger's strong grasp has thrown open the gate—he has entered—and with no little impetus he sent the ponderous portal back to its station. It shut with a loud bang, just as Walker reached it—bringing him up to a perpendicular as rigid as that of

a Prussian grenadier. So closely vis-a-vis was he with the gate that his nose was grazed by the contact: and partly by the rush of the air, his best beaver was thrown from his head, and rolled considerable distance in the dusty path.

Dr. Walker was greatly discomfited, and not a little enraged at the audacity of his rival; but he well knew Roger was not the man he could frighten; and as for fighting such a fellow, that was out of the question. So the doctor endeavored to calm and cool himself as best he might—wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the dust from his large silver buckles, adjusted his dress, shook his hat, and having recovered his composure, he walked leisurely forward to pay his respects to Squire Hartwell and the ladies.

CHAPTER III. POLITICS.

Freedom, patriotism, and philanthropy, are Nature's three patents for making noblemen.

The mind in which either of these three emotions, viz. the love of liberty, the love of country, or the love of mankind is predominant, will be exalted above the immediate wants and worldly pursuits of men; but if the three noble feelings named, unite and govern in the same mind, be sure that individual will be mighty among his race. No matter in what station he is born, to what calling he has been destined—there is that in his own breast which will bear him upward and onward. And the course of conduct which in a man of his character may, at first, appear presumptuous or impossible, will, in the end, be found perfectly consistent with the confidence which a well balanced and

justly directed mind should feel in its own strength and resources.

How little did Dr. Walker appreciate the cool philosophy of Roger's address, as the latter politely bowing on his entrance, inquired after his health. Dr. Walker did not reply—did not seem to have heard, but hastily shaking the Squire's offered hand, he hastened across the apartment, addressed with his smiling compliments the ladies, and seating himself by Mrs. Hartwell, he was soon deeply engaged in conversation about the weather.

"Have you heard the news, doctor?" cried the Squire, at the top of his voice.

"News! what news?" reiterated Walker, starting.

"Why, that Parliament is about sending over to us all the East India Company's stock of tea!"

"Well."

"I don't think we can be compelled to buy it. I for one affirm that not an ounce shall be drunk in my family."

"Dear me! Mr. Hartwell, what is the use of making such a fuss about a little matter?"

Only three pence duty on a pound. Why, four pounds of tea would be a large stock for the year, and that will be only one shilling to government: and Mrs. Hartwell looked triumphantly to Dr. Walker for approbation of her prudential speech, while the Squire turned his eye on Roger, as if he wished him to answer it.

"It is not the price of tea, madam, that is of consequence, observed Roger, respectfully, but the establishment of the system of taxation."

"Yes," interrupted the Squire, "it is the principle that we contend against; three pence or three pounds would be all the same. Indeed, if we submit to pence, we may also to pounds."

"We must resist it," said Roger.

"We *will* resist it," echoed the Squire.

"I do not see as any benefit to the country can result from this resistance," said Dr. Walker. "If Parliament has ordered the tea to the colonies, it will come."

"It never shall be sold," said the Squire, setting his teeth, and breathing hard.

"You must watch the ladies narrowly, then," said the Doctor, laughing. They relish tea better than these theories of liberty, which none but a politician can understand."

"The ladies will not thank you for rating their understanding and patriotism so low;" replied Roger, casting a respectful but penetrating glance on Lucy Hartwell.

"What say you, daughter, do you prefer your tea before the liberties of your country?" said the Squire, who had remarked the heightening color on Lucy's cheek. "Will you drink the tea that is burdened with the tribute which none but slaves would pay?"

"I would sooner drink poison, my dear father, than a beverage obtained by dishonoring my country," said the blushing girl, in a low but emphatic voice.

"That 's my own child. I knew you would prove a good Whig."

"Nevertheless, the tea will be used," said Walker.

"By the fishes, perhaps," retorted Roger, scornfully. "The cargo will never be landed at Boston. I have to-day seen a gentleman from that patriotic town, and I know the resolution of the people. They will sink the ships rather than permit it to be landed!"

"And you, sir, would doubtless be aiding and abetting them if it were in your power," said the Doctor.

"With might and main, heart and hand, like a knight without fear and without reproach—from any but tory," replied Roger.

"Do you know that you are talking treason against the British Government?" retorted Walker, angrily; for he saw that Lucy smiled on his rival.

"I know that I am talking reason, sir," replied Roger, calmly rising and confronting his antagonist. "And I have faith to believe that I shall live to see the day when, in America, reason will not be treason."

CHAPTER IV. A NEW LOVER.

Now a great deal depends upon *position*. The young girl in the ball-room must appear in a graceful position; the lady in society must maintain a fashionable position; the statesman before the world must assume a commanding position; but none of these are more important than the position which a young man maintains in the presence of his lady love—from his position, and the manner on which he operates upon her feelings, always predict their destiny. If he rattles and prattles, and talks sweet nonsense, and she is delighted with it, they will be a stupid couple, and probably quarrel before they have been wedded half a

year. If, on the contrary, he appears dignified and respectful, and sometimes introduces subjects of moral and intellectual improvement, and she appears gratified with his tone of sentiment, or responds with a brilliant quotation or appropriate remark—there, I say, is a couple who have a fair chance of being happy themselves, and who will probably shed a lustre around them which shall light the path of others.

When Roger stood before his rival in the calm dignity of a patriot, and Lucy's eye showed that she approved his speech as the perfection of manly sentiment, it was all over with Dr. Walker. He was in a false position. He understood it, too, and more angry that he had been beaten by a man who was in an inferior station, than that he had lost the lady, he determined to bring another competitor into the field; one who had no political disabilities to surmount, who could agree with the father about the Whigs, and with the mother about the weather, and whose profession, family, fortune and figure, would, he doubted not, gain the victory over Roger. This new candidate for Lucy's favor, was Seth Trumbull, the young lawyer.

The young lawyer became a constant visiter at Squire Hartwell's. It was soon understood by the whole parish that the match was, as it is termed, made. True, Lucy steadily denied it; but at that day it was not the fashion for young ladies to proclaim their engagement as soon as they had said yes—so her denial went for nothing.

Dr. Walker asserted confidentially, everywhere, that it would be a match; Mrs. Hartwell did not contradict it; nobody dared question the old Squire on this sub-

ject; and as for Anna Minot, the dear teasing little cousin, she always laughed and said—"like enough"—when the subject was referred to her. So the matter was settled. Every body said that Lucy Hartwell was engaged to lawyer Trumbull.

Every body said so except Roger: he never ventured to say a word about it. The young ladies generally, believed it was a sad disappointment to him, and pitied him exceedingly. But most of the elderly people, especially the grave fathers, differed from this opinion. They said Roger had no idea of marrying: that he was poor and ambitious, and that such a man never thought till he had risen in the world, in those primitive times, not to marry for money.

Roger had opened a store in a neighboring town. He worked no more at shoemaking, but pursued his business as though his life depended on his diligence.

CHAPTER V. THE DENOUEMENT.

"Lucy," said Roger—she turning towards him—a gleam of moonlight streamed through the leafless boughs of the peach tree beneath which they were passing, and fell strongly on her up-turned face; the wavy outline of her eyelashes was distinctly to be traced in shadow on her fair cheek. Roger thought she was very pale.

"Lucy, will you grant me one minute's attention?"

She looked towards the door of her dwelling, where Anna Minot and Mr. Trumbull were then entering—she hesitated and stopped.

"Lucy—it—is a long time since I have had the pleasure of speaking to you."

"It is about five or six weeks."

"They seem to me ages."

"Do you not like your business?"

"I did like it because it afforded me hope of rendering myself worthy of you. It has been told me (he spoke low rapidly) that you are inclined to favor Trumbull." She did not speak. "I am poor, Lucy—I must labor. I am without friends, and must make my own way: it may be years before I take the station in society which Trumbull now occupies; but as sure as I live, Lucy, I will ——." He paused, for though he had often indulged the hope, indeed belief, that he should rise superior to Trumbull, yet he shrunk from expressing the anticipation. It seemed like a vain boast.

"You do not believe me, then, Lucy?" he continued, after a long pause.

"I have heard nothing to believe. Had we not better go in; my cousin will wonder what detains us."

"Perhaps Mr. Trumbull will likewise like to know."

"If he does, I shall not take the trouble to tell him?"

"Lucy, will you tell me? are you engaged?"

"No."

"And—and—may, I hope that you never will be engaged—that is, to him—Lucy, I love you."

The abruptness and impetuosity with which he spoke, seemed the effect of feelings which he could not repress. Lucy was so surprised, so confused, that she was obliged to lean on his arm for support, so there was no opportunity for her to show much anger at his presumption. Roger soon forgot that he had ever been poor, and a shoemaker. The first consciousness of being beloved, seems to a young man as the crowning point of his ambition. He feels elevated,

for he has secured the empire of one heart which he would not forego for the sceptre of Napoleon.

Roger walked into the parlor of Squire Hartwell that evening with the air of a man who has no further cares for what may betide him in this life; and Anna Minot said that he asked consent that very evening.

"Roger is well enough," said Mrs. Hartwell, "and I shall say nothing against the match, now he has left off shoemaking. A merchant's wife has a very respectable station, though nothing very grand. However, if Lucy has no ambition it does no good for me to talk. I have always been anxious about her marrying well."

"I think, my dear, she is going to marry well," said Squire Hartwell, "Roger will be ——"

"Yes, yes, husband, I have heard you say a thousand times he would be a great man: but I never saw any prospect of it for my part; Anna Minot, in my opinion, does marry well. Mr. Trumbull is a lawyer, and may be a judge,"

"And so may Roger."

"Oh, that is impossible. He has never been educated, Mr. Hartwell."

"He can educate himself."

"Well, well, neither you or I shall ever live to see Roger Sherman a Judge."

But they did live to see ROGER SHERMAN a JUDGE, and a SIGNER of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

THE SHEPHERD.

SHAKSPEARE.

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery.

THE SHEPHERD.

THE MINIATURE.

From "The Parthenon."

A LEGEND OF LAKE GEORGE.

Among the persecuted Christians who sought an asylum in the wilds of America, from the bigotry that raged in Great-Britain, during the seventeenth century, was Matthew Huntington. In his native land, he had long stood pre-eminent for those virtues which shone forth as beacon-lights in the darkness of that period, yet his subsequent history exists only in the traditions of an obscure village. He had suffered much for his belief, and had borne all with the true spirit of a martyr.

Those were days of horror, when the holy man of God was dragged by the ruthless soldiery from his sanctuary, while praying with his little flock; when he gave up his spirit with calm resignation, as the crackling faggots blazed around him: when the poor peasant, while bending the suppliant knee beside the family altar, sank beneath the sword of persecution which had long been crimsoned with the blood of the innocent and good. From such scenes, Huntington had sought in vain a secure retreat; for in those times the most retired glen among the hills was not beyond the spoiler's reach. He had long cherished a plan of

emigrating to this country, and having heard of the death of his only son, who had fallen under the banner of Cromwell, he now determined to carry it into execution.

There was gloom in the hamlet, when it was known that the old man and his family were to leave it for ever. At the close of the day before their departure, the poor cottagers came to bid farewell to him who had been to them all as a friend and father. It was a solemn parting—a parting when the aged were not ashamed to weep. There seems to be a sanctitude in the sincere benedictions of the poor, which heaven smiles upon and blesses, and Huntington was not indifferent to those which were so freely bestowed upon him on this occasion. There was another, however, who did not excite less interest in this scene, than himself—it was his only child, a lovely girl of sixteen summers; for often had Ellen gone to the humblest hut of the hamlet, and with a kind hand administered to the wants of its inmates. We need not here attempt to describe the feelings of a young girl, when about to leave the friends and home of her youth for an unknown land; she sought to sooth their bitterness in the stillness of the night. It was a lovely eve of summer—the busy noise of day had ceased—the husbandman, whose song had cheered him through the hours of labor, now reposed in his vine-covered cot, and the flocks, whose bleatings had been heard upon the hills around, now shared the universal silence of nature.

When Ellen opened the wicker-gate of the garden and strolled along its silent walks, she felt a sadness

unknown to her before. But the evening wind, as it played among the trees, whose leaves glistened in the clear moonlight—the soothing murmur of the winding brook and the blithe carols of the nightingales—all seemed to have a tone of sympathy for her ear. The delicate flowers which she had so fondly cultivated, were in the perfection of their bloom. She gazed upon every object with an unusual fondness. Every bower, tree and shrub seemed invested with a talismanic charm, which called up a thousand rosy recollections of her childhood, and of the hours of returnless bliss she there had spent with her brother. And as her mind wandered to the tented field, she thought of another, who, though not allied to her by the ties of kindred, now seemed dearer to her than she had ever before imagined. He was a soldier in the service of Charles II. His father was an intimate friend of the king, and at the opening of the war against the Usurper, both he and his son joined the royal army—the one as a general and the other as a minor officer. Henry, while on his duty, had received a letter from Ellen, the purport of which might easily be imagined, and although he could not believe that her intentions to leave the country were serious, he started for his father's mansion.

Ellen, with many painful reflections crowding upon her mind, still lingered in the garden. The deep tones of the distant abbey-clock told the hour of midnight—its notes had not yet died away among the hills, when approaching footsteps were heard. She shrank back, as a plumed cavalier emerged from the shade; but a well known voice soon dispelled her fears. Having

embraced each other with a cordiality that bespoke a near attachment, Henry broke the silence. "Well, Ellen, this trick of yours has brought me from my post; but duty often grants a *furlough* to love."

"No, Henry, I would not trifle with you in this manner—to-morrow we embark at Hythe, for America."

Oh, what feelings rushed on her mind when realizing her own situation and that of her lover. She could say no more; but there was an eloquence in the tear that glistened on the dark lashes of her down cast eye, that plainly spoke the language of her heart.

"But," replied Henry, with warm feeling, "not till our mutual hopes have been consummated; surely your father can no longer persist in his opposition to our union; his days are numbered; in a few years he will be gathered to his fathers, and you left without a friend or protector. Come, then, this very night, to the altar—even then you may accompany him to the western world, where you will be beyond the reach of that outrage and cruelty, from which not even the aged nor innocent are here secure; go—I will join you at the close of the war, and try to supply in his heart the place once filled by his son."

Ellen heard the pleadings of his affections, with mingled pleasure and regret; but she seemed anxious to unbosom herself of some thought that haunted her mind. After a painful suspense, as if dreading the consequences her words might produce, she tenderly replied—"My father will never yield my hand to one, who he says *has slain his only son.*"

At these words Henry started back, as if some dark and dreadful thought was passing in his mind; but it

was not the pang of remorse; soon rallying his firmer feelings he replied:—"I had hoped that this melancholy tale would never have reached your father's ears; he was already exasperated with me for enlisting under the banner which has been stained with the blood of the puritans, but my duty to my sovereign and father demanded it. True, your brother fell by my hand; our chargers met in the strife of battle—our swords clashed in the combat, and not till the fatal blow was given, did I recognise my early friend, the brother of my Ellen. What were my feelings, when I reflected on the deed I had committed! In vain I tried to staunch the ebbing tide of life—it was too late! But as he pillowed his dying head in these arms, his last look was full of forgiveness, and heaven will bear witness to my innocence."

"Henry, I know your heart too well to believe it would be guilty of such a crime, but my father is immovable!"

We shall not undertake to describe their parting; such scenes are not for the cold eye of the world to witness. Love, like hope, is often most ardent when all around is despair and gloom; thus, when these lovers could but dimly foresee the time when they might be united, they pledged more strongly their mutual vows of constancy. They parted—Henry for the army, and Ellen for the western world.

As the sun rose on the morrow, his rays were reflected from the white sails of a ship fast careering before an eastern breeze. On its deck there stood a lady —her tearful eyes were gazing on the hills now fast receding in the distance, with that melancholy fondness

which we feel when looking for the last time upon the countenance of a friend about to be borne from us for ever. "The past was bright like those dear hills behind her bark," whilst all before was dark and cheerless as the raging ocean which spread far away to the westward. She was now on a perilous voyage, at the end of which the welcome of no friend awaited her; and as the dark wave hid the highlands of her native isle, she felt like the poor captive when his prison door shuts out for ever the light of heaven.

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After a short, but tempestuous voyage, they arrived at Boston. Here, instead of the smiling land of promise, which they had anticipated as the bourne of their long and dangerous pilgrimage, they saw before them a wilderness inhabited only by savage tribes, whose depredations were then exciting much alarm among the colonists. Huntington was among the little band who settled in the south-western part of Vermont, at or near the place where now is situated the beautiful town of Bennington. He however removed himself some distance from the settlement; the place fixed upon for his residence was a wild and romantic little valley on the western side of the Green Mountains. It was a fit spot for the old puritan to repair to, to spend the remainder of his life, far from the world and all its troubles, and to enjoy that peace which he had long, but vainly, sought in the land of his fathers. Its silence had never been broken, save by the sounds of nature, or by the Indian as he pursued his game which fled hither for security in its unexplored depths. High hills rose on all sides, to shut it out from those

scenes which mark the abiding place of man. These were thickly covered with trees, clothed in all the variegated beauty of a New-England forest in autumn. The curling smoke, which was the only guide to a human habitation in the deep forest, was no where to be seen. On a distant hill the eye might trace a brook, which bounded over the cliffs, in a beautiful cascade, as if eager to revel with the flowery meads, or to repose after its wanderings in the quiet little lake which slept as tranquilly in the bosom of the valley as the infant in its mother's arms. On a hill which sloped down to its still waters, was raised the dwelling of Huntington. Here he enjoyed the solitude of the forest—it was congenial to that religion for which he had sacrificed so many interests. While Ellen was happy in finding herself mistress of a neat and comfortable cottage, her books and her harp were the only companions she wished, but often she would ramble with her favorite dog, through the woods, to listen to the songs of the birds, and to gather the wild flowers which were scattered in profusion along her path. Often, too, seated in a light skiff, she would float over the lake to view the sandy bottom and watch the playful fish, as they darted in the depths beneath. Indeed, in the romantic scenery of nature, there was enough to have excited her admiration always, but even this situation was to have its sad reverse.

A year rolled by and found them the quiet possessors of their secluded abode ; but soon after there was an excitement among the settlers in this vicinity, on account of the devastations and cruelty of the Indians. The husbandman as he toiled in the clearing, kept his

rifle near, and the hunter seldom ventured along a new or unknown path; but often as he returned from his daily labor, instead of beholding in the distance the lighted window of his hut, saw nothing but a smoking heap of ruins, and searched in vain for his wife and children, who perhaps had fallen beneath the tomahawk or scalping knife. Yet amidst all these depredations, the dwelling of Huntington remained unmolested. The Indian, as he passed by the door of the Christian, had received many favors from his hands; upon his hearth he rested from the chase and smoked the pipe of peace. Among those who had often shared the hospitality, was the aged sachem Conduca; his locks had been whitened by the frosts of many winters—he compared himself to an old oak, its top bearing the marks of approaching decay, which, after having wrestled many years with the tempest, at length was yielding to its fury—that, like it, he would soon fall beneath the weight of years, when his spirit would take its flight to the pleasant hunting grounds in the west, whither his fathers had already gone.—The old chief was a firm friend, and had often averted the intended destruction of this defenceless family.

Ellen, during this time, had heard nothing of her lover. She already feared he had shared the fate of her brother, but a letter from his own hand soon removed all anxiety. He informed her that he had made the necessary arrangements for his departure, and would probably sail for America in a few days. This lovely girl went to her couch that night, with a lighter heart than since she had left her native land; but she was awakened from her dream of love, by a sound that

was like a death-knell to her ear. It was the war-whoop of the Indians! They had surrounded the dwelling, into which they were endeavoring to force their way. The old man feared not; but with the spirit which characterized the early settlers of New England, encouraged his little household in resisting to the last moment. But all was useless; the blood-hound is not more fierce for carnage than the Indian warrior. Resistance only increased their fury; a volley of balls passed through the window, and the old man fell! His daughter, as she ran to him, saw with dismay the blood upon his bleached locks; she was supporting him in her arms, her tear-drops mingling with the purple stream that oozed from the wound, when a yell of triumph announced their entrance into the house. A tall Indian discovered her and grasped her dark tresses in his swarthy hand; their richness caught his gaze; his horrid scalping-knife was gleaming before her forehead—but as she turned her eyes, swimming in tears of grief, from her dying father, upon his dark brow, he relented. The savage, though pity was a rare visitant in his bosom, could not injure one so lovely; he rudely tore her from the corpse of the old man, and the house was soon enveloped in flames. Who can imagine her feelings upon finding herself the only survivor of the awful tragedy; when looking back upon her home, the funeral pile of her father, as it gleamed frightfully upon the dark forest and glazed snow; and when anticipating with fearful doubt the destiny which awaited her! Her last friend had been taken from her, and there was no one to attempt a rescue. There was no hope of receiving help from the

surrounding inhabitants; for as they strayed that way and beheld the ruins, they would undoubtedly conclude that none could have escaped.

Ellen was borne into captivity by a race whom she had learned to look upon as beings merciless as the wild beasts of the forest. Among that group of dark-browed men none wore an expression of kindness; not an eye was dimmed with a tear of sympathy, but they gazed with grim ferocity upon their helpless prisoner. She prayed for mercy to hearts that knew not its meaning; to hearts that were as inexorable as death.

Those who came down to the spot where the house had stood, saw nothing but a heap of half consumed timbers, which told the fate of the family! and the stain of blood upon the snow, and thick prints of the greedy wolves, as they crowded round the dwelling; and here and there a white lock trampled beneath their feet. They thought all had perished; but a distance from the house, was discovered the track of a foot too delicate for the Indian hunter; they were not at a loss in pronouncing it Ellen's; but the snow being hard, it was difficult to follow their trail, the pursuit was therefore fruitless. Months rolled away and all was still dark respecting the fate of the fair captive. In the mean time Henry arrived in Boston; but instead of meeting her whom he loved, he heard the melancholy tale of her capture by the Indians. But the affection which he had cherished so long and through so many vicissitudes, was not to be quenched now; his chivalrous spirit was too familiar with danger to be overcome by despair! He visited the valley where she and her father had dwelt; there he vowed to find her or her

grave, and avenge her wrongs! Habiting himself in the garb of a scout, and with no protection except his trusty rifle, he pursued his lonely journey through the forest. Yet long he wandered in vain. None of the Indians whom he met, during many days, could give him any information of the object of his search. Near Lake George, however, he met an Indian, whose friendship he conciliated by presents and favors—the friendship of the Indian has no bounds. They hunted together frequently, and in his cabin he found a welcome and hospitality which had often been denied him at the door of the white man; he slept as securely in that wigwam as within his father's hall.

The Indian whom we have introduced to our readers, had held considerable intercourse with the settlers, and spoke sufficient of their language to converse with his guest; and when they rested from the chase, he would often entertain him with reciting his exploits—tales that made the blood chill in the veins—of the midnight attack, when the cries of the helpless infant and its imploring mother were silenced by the blood-stained tomahawk. One of these narrations had for him a deep and peculiar interest: of their attack, in the night, upon the dwelling of an old man, situated in a valley near a small lake, which was surrounded by hills so high that the light of the burning house could not be seen beyond them—of the death of the old man and the capture of his daughter. Henry soon knew from the description that this was a part of the history which he was so anxious to unravel. He asked him to describe the girl and her fate. We will give it in the simple language of the child of the forest.

"She is called Altahulah, (the white dove,) for her eye is as gentle as that of the dove, her voice, as she sings in the wood, sweeter than the thrush. She dwells in the wigwam of Conduca, who had known her when she was taken by his son Taconquet. Our daughters weave the rich wampum for her breast, and sew the beaded moccasins for her feet, and the young men bring her the gay plumes of the forest bird for her head. Yet the color fades from her cheek, as the rosy tints from yonder cloud! Next moon will be the great feast of the harvest, when she will be given to Taconquet, (the young eagle,) whose footstep is as that of the bounding buck—he springs like the panther on his prey, and his war-whoop is death."

Henry heard this tale with emotions of joy and painful suspense, and had no doubts concerning the identity of the fair subject of this description. He determined to have an interview; and only a few days had elapsed before an opportunity presented itself. He was hunting a deer on the shores of the lake, when he heard the notes of melancholy music, as it came to his ear like the sweet notes of the Eolian harp—it was a female voice, chanting a plaintive air. Stealing cautiously towards the spot from which it rose, he saw the form of a girl dressed in the costume of an Indian maiden. She was leaning her head upon her arm, apparently gazing on some object on the lake; as the wind lifted the tresses from her neck, its alabaster whiteness bespoke her lineage. He soon recognized the song as a ballad of his native land, to which he had often listened with delight in bygone days. It seemed to him like the music of a dream, the spell

of which he feared would break too soon. As the music ceased, the singer raised her head, and Henry recognized his long lost, long loved Ellen! His first impulse was to rush before her and make himself known; but seeing a canoe advancing upon the lake, he thought of the rashness of such an act, and immediately determined to leave her for the present, and seek his dark companion. He soon found him in earnest conversation with a young and stately Indian. The attention of Henry was struck with the noble look of the latter; his form was the master-piece of nature, and his majestic bearing and stately movements, plainly indicated the undaunted firmness of his nature.

It was Taconquet, the young warrior to whom his Ellen, doubtless against her own will, was soon to be united. Yes! there, side by side, stood the two young rivals, unknown to each other. As their eyes met, neither quailed, but each scanned the other with a suspicious scrutiny. Henry was now obliged to call into action all his self-command; he knew his first object was to gain the favor of this young chief, and he addressed him therefore, (through his interpreter,) as a brother, whose only wish was friendship and peace. It was common for the white man, when thus much acquainted with a chief, to offer him some trifling presents. At this moment Henry formed a plan, which, (if carried into execution,) he fondly hoped would succeed. He therefore exhibited several trinkets, which were calculated to please the rude taste of his new companion. While the attention of the latter was engaged with these, Henry drew from his bosom her own *miniature;* and knowing well that if given to Ta-

conquet it would go to Ellen, he hastily engraved a line upon the case and threw it down among the trifles he had before produced. The chief was delighted with the thing, and Henry *generously* gave it to him.

The unsuspecting Indian hastened with the present to Altahulah. The scream of joy with which it was received pleased his vanity, for he ignorantly attributed it to her delight. It was delight; but there was something associated with that delight which he was unable to interpret—something as dear to her as life.

She read these words, written by a well known hand: "*On the shore of the lake to-night, at the setting of the moon.*" With what a sudden transition did her feelings rise from despair, when reflecting upon the propitious providence which had brought her own Henry thus to be her deliverer? He not only knew her situation, but was that very night to rescue her from the hand of him to whom she was soon to be given!

With impatience she looked forward to their meeting and her liberation. Time never moved with her more heavily than it did upon that day. Evening came, and Ellen fearlessly sought the place of interview. When she had gained the spot, all around was still; the lake slept in calm beauty, unruffled by a breath of air, and in its blue waters were reflected the cloudless heavens; the bright stars glistened like gems in their depths, and the silvery moon looked down with a smile upon her image in beauty mirrored there. All upon the shores lay dark and still beneath the shadows of the overhanging trees—it was to her as the silence of the tomb! Doubt and anxiety gradually take pos-

session of her heart—she startles at every falling rock, and in every stirring leaf she hears the approaching enemy—the fern, waving its head to the low but fitful zephyr, becomes to her piercing gaze the Indian's plume, and the wild scream of the owl, his war-whoop. But her fears were not altogether unfounded, for her absence had been noticed and the search had already commenced. She hears the same sound which woke her father from his last slumber, and knows that her escape is discovered. And there she stands, trembling as when the hunted fawn, in the tangled forest, hears the deep bay of the hounds pressing fast upon its track and cannot flee. Her heart revives upon seeing a small white speck floating upon the waters; at first it appeared like the lonely swan, but now, as it approaches, the paddles glisten in the moonlight—it is the bark of her lover. The moon is just sinking behind the hills, and their dark shadows o'ercast the shore; she waves her handkerchief, and her lover spies her retreat. In an instant, the boat, with Henry and his Indian friend, is upon the shore.

The long, loud war-whoop of the eager Indians makes the hills resound! They have reached the bank—the keen eye of Taconquet is on the scene below—he sees the white man bearing Altahulah in his arms—they reach the boat, and their guide shoves from the shore—the Indians fire together upon them—a piercing death-shriek and a doleful splash follow—as the smoke rolls away, Henry and Ellen are still seen unhurt, but their Indian guide had fallen into the dark waters beneath. Henry seizes the paddle and drives the boat over the rising waves until the rifle-shots fall harmless in her

wake; one moment more and they are beyond the danger of pursuit.

They immediately started for Boston, where they soon arrived, and that wish which by so many unhappy reverses had been delayed was there realized.

Henry Houghton, after having been engaged in the business of an active life for many years, wished to retire to some secluded retreat. At the request of his wife, he erected a noble mansion upon the spot where many years before had stood her father's dwelling. Here they long enjoyed that peace and plenty which had been denied the old puritan.

* * * * * * * *

This stone mansion still stands in a romantic valley near Bennington. Beside its hearth we lately had the pleasure of listening to the above tale, as told by a young Vermont girl, who wore suspended from her neck the miniature of Ellen; with it she has inherited no small share of the beauty which we judge was possessed by the fair original.

DESPONDENCY.—A REVERIE.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

'T was on the evening of an August day,
  A day of clouds and tempest, that I stood
  Within the shade of over-arching wood,
My bosom filled with visions of decay;
Around were strewed the shivered leaves, all wet;
  The boughs above were dripping; and the sky
  Threw down the shadows of despondency,—
As if all melancholy things were met
  To blast this lower world. I leaned my side
  Against an oak, and sighed o'er human pride!

I thought of life, and love, and earthly bliss,
  Of all we pine for, pant for, and pursue,
  And found them like the mist, or matin dew,
Fading to nothingness in Time's abyss.
Our fathers—where are they? The moss is green
  Upon the tablet that records their worth;
  They have co-mingled with their parent earth,
And only in our dreams of yore are seen,—
  Our visions of the by-past, which have fled,
  To leave us wandering 'mid the buried dead.

I thought of men, who looked upon my face,
  Breathing, and life-like, breathless now and cold,—
  I heard their voices issuing from the mould,
Amid the scenes that bear of them no trace.

I thought of smiling children, who have sat
All evening on my knees, and pressed my hand,
Their cherub features and their accents bland,—
Their innocence,—and their untimely fate;—
How soon their flower was cropt, and laid below
The turf, where daisies spring, and lilies blow.

I thought of sunless regions, where the day
Smiles not, and all is dreariness and death;—
Of weltering oceans, where the winter's breath
Beats on the emerald ice, and rocky bay;
I thought me of the old times,—of the halls
Of ancient castles mouldering to the dust—
Of swords, long used in war, bedimm'd with rust,
Hanging in danky vaults, upon the walls,
Where coffin'd warriors rest, amid the night
Of darkness, never tinged by morning light.

The unsheltered cattle lowed upon the plain;—
The speckled frog was leaping 'mid the grass,
Down to the lakelet's edge, whose breast of glass
Was wrinkled only by the tardy rain.
Dim was the aspect of the sullen sky;—
The night scowled gloomier down: I could not throw
From off my heart the weary weight of wo,
But loathed the world, and coveted to die;
Beholding only in the earth and air
Omens of desolation and despair.

TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

From a Lady's Sketch of Corfu.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, there lived in Rome a good old senator, who had two daughters. Veronica and Berenice were noted, less for their beauty and gentleness, than for the extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other, and their mutual affection. These girls were twins, their mother had died during their infancy, and it was found, after her death, that a mother's eye only had been enabled to distinguish the children. Had their father, Flavius Torquatus, bestowed much of his attention on them, he might have acquired the same power of discrimination; but the noble patrician's hours were divided between the senate-house and the court; and when he came home at night, wearied, he was well enough pleased to play with his two sweet little girls without farther troubling himself concerning them. And yet he was a kind father; he entreated his widowed sister to take up her abode with him, that she might take care of the children; he allotted for their use a magnificent suit of rooms; he purchased for them a numerous train of slaves. Veronica and Berenice had scarcely a wish ungratified.

As they increased in years, the remarkable similarity of their persons remained undiminished, but their characters became essentially different. Berenice

was pensive, gentle, it might be somewhat melancholy, studious, and fond of retirement; Veronica was volatile, giddy, of quick and warm affections, yet did these points of difference not lessen their fond affection.

They had completed their sixteenth year, when among other presents brought by their father on his return from a visit to the East, was a young female slave of extraordinary intelligence and merit. She soon became the favorite of Berenice, and the noble young Roman would frequently recline for hours on her couch, while the slave beside her, occupied at her embroidery, would tell her tales of her own family and native land. She wept when she spoke of her peaceful home and aged parents, and Berenice felt as though she loved the girl the more for her fond regret. She asked her for what cause her liberty had been forfeited, for she knew that Alce had not been born a slave, but on this point she could obtain no satisfaction. Berenice would not pursue the painful subject, but her sister's curiosity was not so easily suppressed. She questioned her father, and the reply of Flavius made both his daughters start with horror.

"It was for crime," he said, "for crime of a blacker nature than you can conceive, for crime that merited death, but I pitied her youth; nay," he continued, "be not alarmed, she cannot, will not injure you; she is gentle and skillful in the healing art, for this reason I have her about you, and—you are Romans, and noble, Berenice!—you will not descend to undue familiarity with a slave."

Berenice heard this injunction; she meant to obey

it; but shortly after this conversation she was attacked by a painful illness, and the tedious hours of sleepless nights she could not refrain from desiring Alce to tell her stories, and sing her songs, as she had been wont to do. Often and often, as she watched the quick short step of her attendant, and compared her wearied assiduity and gentle activity with the indolence and carelessness of her other slaves, she wondered what could be the crime of which so meek and unoffending a creature had been guilty. One night, she felt worse than usual, and having persuaded her sister to retire for a while, she lay perfectly still, meditating on the past, and on the future, the fearful future, of which she knew so little, and which she so much dreaded. Alce was kneeling by her couch, and believing her mistress to be asleep, she prayed in a soft voice to the God of the Christians for her recovery. Berenice listened in still attention; she had heard to her surprise, the mediation of a Being implored, of whose very existence she was totally ignorant; she saw Alce rise at last with an expression of resignation and holy hope in her meekly raised eye, which she had never witnessed in the votaries of Jove. She called the trembling girl to her side, and bade her quickly explain her sacred faith. Alce hesitated; she knew the danger she would incur, for both, and some remains of the fear of man yet lingered about her heart; but she conquered the unworthy feeling, and drawing from the folds of her robe a roll of parchment, she read aloud to her attentive auditress the most surprising event in the history of mankind.

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Many months had passed away. One evening the sisters were together in their own apartment. Veronica stood before a mirror; her vest of satin, her flower-wreathed robe, her zone of brilliants, told that she was preparing for a festival. At the farther end of the room Berenice was seated. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, and her long hair fell unbraided in its own rich luxuriance about her throat and shoulders; with one hand she fondled a snow-white dove, and ever and anon her dark hair fell over the gentle bird, and it nestled lovingly with it; the other rested on a parchment which appeared to engross the maiden's deepest attention.

"Come, now, Berenice," said her sister, playfully fixing the wreath of roses, prepared for herself, on her sister's brow, "lay aside for once your melancholy book, and send your dove to his rest, and come down with me to the banquet." Berenice looked up, and answered gently.

"Not so, Veronica, not to-night; it is the anniversary of poor Alce's death; and did she not die for love of me, watching and waiting when all others slept? Her image has been with me through the day; I cannot join the banquet with my heart full of sad memorials; leave me, sister," and Berenice took off and returned the wreath.

"Yet listen, one word more; thou knowest who will be there this evening. My father will frown, and Lucius Emilius will sigh when I go in alone. Lucius departs to-morrow for the battle; and shall he go without one benison from his affianced?"

"No," replied her sister, speaking low and falter-

ing; "you, Veronica, will tell him that I wait to see him here, before his departure."

"Berenice! my sister, bethink you of our father; remember his patrician prejudices; surely this step—"

"Go, dear sister," answered Berenice, mildly yet firmly; "for the love that you bear me, do me this errand. I would not any other eye should mark the weakness I fear to betray at parting with one whom my father has commanded me to love; tell my father that I am unwell, and it is true, my head and heart ache—go, dearest." And Veronica, unconvinced, yet persuaded by the tears of her sister, which in truth were flowing fast, left her alone.

Berenice resumed her reading, but not for many minutes; she arose and shut the volume, saying, "Not thus, not thus with divided attention and with wandering thought, may I presume to read this holy record." She placed it within a small golden casket, locked it carefully, and then walked forth into a balcony, on which the windows of the apartment opened. The moon had just risen and shed soft light on the magnificent buildings of the eternal city; the cool, thin air swept over the brow of the maiden, and calmed her agitated thoughts; she had a bitter trial before her, for she was about to inflict a deep wound on the heart of one whom she loved with all the innocent fervor of a girl's first affection; and she trembled as she pictured to herself his sorrow. Then Berenice looked up at the quiet of the evening sky, and thought of the time, when earth's interests would be over for her; and could she thus look, and thus think, and still hesitate!—Ah, no! When she heard the step of Lucius drawing

nigh, she plucked a single flower from a creeping plant that overshaded the balcony, and keeping it in her hand as a token to recall her better resolutions, she advanced to meet him.

"It was not for this, I sent for you hither," she said, in reply to his passionate expressions of regret and love; "you are a Roman soldier, Lucius, I know it was neither your destiny, nor your wish to be ever at a lady's side. Believe me, I have learned to look on this parting as a thing inevitable;" but even as she spoke, her voice faltered.

Lucius leaned forward to console her, to whisper of re-union, of long re-union; "Your father has promised, dearest," said he, "that, this campaign once over, the Marcomanni once defeated, I shall be rewarded, at my return, with the hand of my Berenice."

"It may be so," she answered sadly, "if you still wish it."

"If I still wish it! Berenice, of what are you dreaming?"

"I am not dreaming, Lucius Emilius, I am speaking the words of sober reality. You think of me, as of the beloved child of Flavius Torquatos; the co-heiress of his wealth and honors; of one whose hand will confer distinction. If, on your return from Germany, you should find me despoiled of all these advantages, an alien from my father's house, it may be from his heart, scorned and forgotten by my friends, despised by mankind, —"

"You would still," replied Lucius, "be to me the same Berenice whom, in the hour of prosperity, I had vowed to love and to cherish; but what can be the

meaning of your terrible words? why do you torture yourself and me by such utterly vain imaginings?"

Berenice withdrew from the encircling arm that supported her; she leaned against the slight column of the verandah; her voice was softer than the softest whisper, yet every word fell with terrible clearness on the ear of her lover; "Lucius Emilius, I am a Christian."

Lucius went forth that night from the chamber of his betrothed an altered man; for the chill of disappointment had fallen on his proudest and fondest hopes. He had tried all his persuasive powers to induce the girl to forsake her new opinions; he had tried in vain; so now nought for him remained to do but to fulfill the engagement in which his honor was concerned, and then to return, to love her still, and to protect her, if necessary, with his life. He bore with him two precious gifts, to console him in absence, as far as any thing could console him,—the golden casket and the carrier dove.

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Berenice was again alone, not, as heretofore, in the solitude of her own luxurious apartment; not surrounded, as she was wont to be, with her books, and music, and flowers; she was alone in the solitude of a gloomy prison chamber. A small aperture near the ceiling, guarded by iron bars, admitted just light enough to show the dismal emptiness of the place, no tapestried hangings to hide the cold, damp walls, no warm carpets to cover the stone floor. It contained only a low couch, and on that the maiden was seated, sometimes

raising her clasped hands in the deep earnestness of prayer, sometimes covering her red and swollen eyes to hide, it might be from herself, the tears she could not restrain. Pesently a low knock was heard at the door, and her father entered. Berenice shuddered and said, "Not this, oh, let me be spared this worst grief!—yet, no! the sacrifice must be complete; give me only strength to bear it." Then she advanced, and led Flavius Torquatus to her couch, and, meekly kneeling before him, prayed him yet once more to lay his hand upon her and bless her.

The old man answered, "It is not for this I come, unhappy girl; I come to tell you that all my entreaties have been in vain, the orders of the Emperor must not be disobeyed, and his orders were, that all of your fanatical sect should be exterminated. Were Marcus here, the tears and prayers of his faithful servant might avail; but he is beyond the Danube; to-morrow, a general execution! Oh, Berenice! must I live to see your blood flow forth by the hand of the common executioner?"

"I come not, as I came yesterday," he continued, after a long pause, "with tears and entreaties to move you; yesterday I knelt to implore you to save your father's heart from breaking; and all in vain. To-day I come with harsher purpose.. You ask me but now to take you in my arms and bless you, as I did when you were a little child. Berenice, if you do not abandon your infatuation, if you persist in bringing eternal dishonor on your line—Berenice, listen! may the curse of your father ——"

The girl pressed his arm heavily; she tried to speak,

but her parted lips were as white as marble, and refused to utter a sound.

The old man looked on her; and the curse on his lips was stayed. He looked on her and kissed her, ere he went, for he had tenderly loved her mother.

"My sister!" she faintly murmured, as he moved away, but Flavius answered:—

"You will never see her again; you would infect her with your superstition; I cannot be left childless in my old age." And the old man went; and as the last sound of his departing step died away, Berenice thought her worst trial was over, and she withdrew her thoughts from the world, and sought to prepare her soul for death.

Late on the following day, the people of Rome assembled in the amphitheatre to witness the martyrdom of the Christians. Horrible deaths they died! Some were torn to pieces by wild beasts; others were burned at a slow fire; some few were crucified, and they counted such death an unmerited honor. Berenice was reserved for the last, and because she was of Roman and patrician blood, she was to suffer the milder punishment of decollation. The sign was given, and proclaimed by the herald, and when it was proclaimed by the herald that the Christian maiden was coming forth, there was so deep a silence amongst that vast multitude that even the advancing steps of the girl and her conductors were heard. But what was the surprise of all present, when they beheld, not one, but two young maidens, both dressed alike in white raiment, both coming forth with the same quiet step and placid demeanor; and one, it might be the most tranquil, ad-

vanced a step towards the seat where he who governed the city, during the absence of Marcus Antonius, sat, and thus addressed him:

"It is I, most noble prefect, who am Berenice, the Christian; this girl, my sister, for love of me, would fain take my name and punishment on herself, but credit her not, it is I who am the condemned."

Then arose a touching dispute between the sisters; sisterly love lending one the eloquence which the other derived from truth. Many of the friends, and even of their relatives in the amphitheatre, were called on to come down and decide between them, but some spoke for the one and some spoke for the other. Veronica, in her agonizing fears, had not the light and joyous expression of her countenance; and Berenice's meek and holy hopes had chased the deep melancholy from her face and mien.

One or two brutal voices arose and said: "They both call themselves Christians, let them both die the death!" But one of the maidens answered, "Think not, most noble prefect, if you thus decree, that you will be guiltless of my sister's blood: she is not a Christian at heart; would to God she were! then would I no longer oppose her sharing my early death. Veronica, acknowledge the truth, and let me alone." But Veronica, if she it was, persisted in her first declaration, and none knew how this dispute would terminate, when a new incident attracted the attention of the multitude, and silenced every doubt.

A speck was seen in the air, it came lower: it was a milk-white dove. The bird fluttered round one, then drew near the other; no caressing hand was held out

to receive him, but his instinct was not to be deceived; he settled on the shoulder of her who had answered the harsh voice from the crowd, and sought to nestle as he was wont in her long hair. Many were present who knew the pet to belong to Berenice, so the people were satisfied with this decision, and the weeping Veronica, still protesting against her own identity, was torn from the arms of her sister. Then the prefect, who had been moved at this singular scene, turned to Berenice, as she stood alone in the arena, and said,

"It is not yet too late, young maiden, to preserve thy life; have pity on thy youth and loveliness, and on the gray hairs of thy aged father. What harm is it to swear by the fortune of Cæsar and to sacrifice and be safe?" But she answered, more firmly than ever,

"I am a Christian, and cannot sacrifice to your false gods! You condemn me to death, but I fear not to die in defence of the truth." She advanced unbidden to the fatal block, and knelt by it; ere she joined her hands in prayer, she bent once more fondly over her little messenger bird, as if to bid farewell to the last object that told of earthly ties. There was a small scroll of parchment under his wing; Berenice felt it, and thinking that it might perhaps tell her the only tidings she cared now to hear, she rose again, and holding it forth, she prayed permission to read it. The prefect did not refuse, and Berenice read, first in silence, and then aloud: "The Emperor Marcus is dead, and Commodius is already proclaimed Cæsar." A loud shout rent the air. It was well known that Commodius, in his heart, favored the despised sect, and in spite of their prejudices, the beauty and heroism of

Berenice had moved the hearts of her countrymen in her favor. A general outcry for her release was heard, but this the prefect dared not grant. Berenice was remanded to prison until the pleasure of Commodius should be known respecting the Christians. It was not very long ere, wearied with the hardships of the camp, he returned to his capital; and his first order was that all Christians should be released, and restored to their privileges as Roman citizens. In his train came the young Lucius; he had found leisure, amid the excitement of glory, and the hardships of his campaign, to study the precious gift of his betrothed; at first for love of her, afterwards from a wish to know the truth. So, when their nuptials, delayed awhile by the death of Flavius Torquatus, was at last solemnized, Berenice had the deep happiness of knowing that the husband of her choice shared the sure faith and pure hope of her own spirit. They remained not long in Rome; the follies and cruelties of Commodius rendered it distasteful to them; and although Lucius stood high in his favor, and he was very capricious, they knew not how long it might remain in their own power to depart or abide in safety.

They, therefore, bade adieu without a sigh to the pomp and luxuries of the capital, and embarked for a little island in the northwest of Europe, without the range of civilization, where they knew they should enjoy safety and freedom.

Berenice was perfectly happy; she gave not one regret to the magnificence she abandoned, for Lucius was with her, and as she stepped into the boat, a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice

whispered her: "My sister, whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

"La Poesie a ses monstres comme la nature."—*D'Alembert.*

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, Va., and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long,) is called Drummond's Pond.

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And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
  And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
'Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
  And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
  Quick over its surface play'd;—
"Welcome," he said," "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
  The name of the death-cold maid!

'Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
  Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
  And the boat return'd no more.

But off from the Indian hunter's camp
  This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
  And paddle their white canoe!

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

From the Miami of the Lake.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia, there lived, in the year 175–, an old man whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran youth had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth; another a fine person; another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became, at last, a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the fathers's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the

malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to her enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all courted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening—"Now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care any thing about money or talents, book learning nor soldier learning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country; but I want her to marry a man of her own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat any thing in all Virginia, in the very pleasing way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my own daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There 's the green, and here 's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now the one that jumps the farthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of the village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting-frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and most humored youth in the company, and all knew that

the strongest mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present he had, therefore, every advantage over his fellow *athletæ*.

The arena allotted for this hymenial contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more benefittingly for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal, happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carrol tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared,' to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches:" "Well done Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brained fellow, but he never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk;—and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half." "Hurrah for Charley! Charley 'll win!" cried the crowd good humoredly. Charley Simms was one of the cleverest fellows in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the list altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let 's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this;" and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll for ever. Annette and Harry." Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted, and joined the spectators unperceived—while the contest was going on he stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"It is for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette,

with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportion of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Harry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial."

The young officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Harry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son—and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. The physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivaled, whilst he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand—"I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be," he added with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes round inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—"perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Harry,—"methinks you were victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not strive well for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from my hand the prize you have so well and so honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rang with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mount-

ed his horse and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night—Harry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest whom he had yet never seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visiter. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill?

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet meaning smile, observing

the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance. And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be reviewed, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands and eye of intense eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me Colonel. I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldly to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

Gen. Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper" whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

THE midnight hour was passed, and still did the fair Annette, sit gazing at the sky, as if therein to read her destiny. From time to time she opened the casement, and strained her eyeballs over the wide expanse of sea bounding the shores on which stands the noble castle of Lulworth. But hurriedly she retires as the roaring of the sea and whistling of the blast disturb an infant which was cradled in an adjoining recess.

Hanging over her babe, she murmured a prayer for him—the father of her child, and gently rocking the cot, again the infant slept. Two long hours did Annette still watch, and from time to time, as the blast more loudly blew, she shudderingly gained the casement from whence a view of the now raging sea might be obtained. But the moon had sunk below the horizon, and naught could be seen on the bosom of the deep, when, on a sudden, starting from the reverie in which she had been plunged, she listened, as if, through the storm, some well-known sound struck on her ear. A whistle is distinctly heard—in silent gratitude the lonely mother knelt. Annette now descended to admit the expected visiter; the latch was uplifted, and in a moment a man, drenched by the storm, and whose countenance bore evidence of great recent fatigue, rushed into the room. Regardless of the moisture of the man's habiliments, she kissed his cheek, and fond-

ly pressed him in her arms; then, lifting from his head the dripping hat, which slouched o'er his brows, she raked up the ashes on the hearth, and taking him by the hand led him to a seat. "And hast thou no word, no kind glance for thine own Annette?" said she, as she brushed the moist locks from his forehead. "Say, Robert, what ails thee, mine own husband, that thus thou lookest upon thy wife, as if thou loved'st her not?"

"What avails it, woman," rejoined the man, "that I should smile on thee—can my smile bring back what we have lost? Can it save from the merciless jaws of yon raging ocean one plank of the rover's bark, which yester eve, bound for this creek, so proudly rode o'er its bosom?—or one of the gallant crew, who listened but to obey the mandate of Robert de Ponthien? Woman, I tell thee, hold thy prate, and bring me some drink: something to make me forget that I am a man—aye, a nobleman—a peer of France!" and he laughed scornfully, as he looked around, and beheld the poor and miserable cottage which was now his resting place. The poor girl bent her head, as if to hide her deep emotion, whilst the drop from her jetty-fringed lid fell on the rough hand of the smuggler. This drop seemed in part to chase away his moody humor, and, looking affectionately at his wife, who was about to obey his last command, he took her by the hand, and pressed her to his heart. Woman's gentleness had triumphed—Annette was happy. What cared she for the world's wealth—what for titles or honors? In her arms she held all for which she wished to live;—for him had she abandoned father, mother, friends and

mother, friends and country—and for his sake had she become an outcast's bride!

The young Count de Ponthien was one of those nobles who had imbibed strongly the prevailing mania of the year 1789, in France. He had lived much with the warriors who had returned from the blood-stained fields of America, covered with glory, and deeply imbued with the democratic spirit which reigned in the former Trans-Atlantic possessions of the British.

On that day, so celebrated in France,—and which must ever be memorable in the annals of the world, as showing the extent of folly to which mere theoretic principles may lead; on which nobles, chiefs, and churchmen, vied with each other in the voluntary resignation of their privileges, rights, and titles, and thus themselves placed the first wedge for the destruction of all that was good and noble in France, which was soon so successfully driven home by the very dregs of the nation,—on that day Count Robert de Ponthien was one of the first to perform this suicidal act, and was one of the most energetic in applause of the democratic measure.

At the time of which we speak, Annette was about sixteen years of age; she was the daughter of Jean Gantheaume, a lawyer of Marseilles. Her mother, who was a rigid Catholic, had devoted her to the service of the church, and had entered her as a novice at the convent of the Holy Trinity, near Fontainbleau. Here young De Ponthien had first seen her, as the lady-abbess was the aunt of the count. He was immediately struck with her beauty, and her conversation soon riveted the charm. But she was devoted to

the church, and although she as yet had not taken the veil, nought could prevent her doom, as her mother, stern as she was bigoted, had determined the matter, and all knew that from her resolve there was no appeal. Violent in his love, as in every movement of his mind, De Ponthien could ill brook the restraint which the constant presence of the severe abbess imposed; and, fancying he had discovered something in Annette's manner which betokened reciprocity of feeling, he determined to seek some means of seeing her, unknown to the lady-mother; but his attempt failed, and Annette, who was entirely innocent, was cooped up in punishment for her supposed acquiescence in the plot. But as persecution has ever, in all ages of the world, failed of its purpose, so that, which before was an airy vision, and which, from apparent impossibility of realization had taken but little root in her mind, now became the subject of daily and deep meditation, and each hour did she feel less inclination to enter into those holy bonds for which by her destiny she had been apparently decreed.

The count, mad with disappointment, was one of the most strenuous supporters of the measure for the abolition of all convents and other religious institutions; and to his unspeakable delight, the convent doors throughout France were thrown open, and thousands of individuals were cast on the charity of a heartless world, who before, occupied in the peaceful pursuits of religion, had no thought of the morrow, save as regarded the things of eternity.

The count flew to Fontainbleau, but the despatch from Paris had preceded his steps, and already had

the work of demolition commenced. A mob, who, by seditious writings and libellous pamphlets, had been taught to believe that the convents were the receptacles of every species of guilt, and that the nuns and friars lived in the practice of the grossest debauchery, had already broken into the convent of the Holy Trinity, and had driven forth its unfortunate inmates; while obscene jests, and gross exultations accompanied the work of almost legalized pillage.

The young democrat arrived at a moment when a young novice was being hurried without the convent-gate, her hair dishevelled, her noviciate garments torn to shreds on her back, and, in derision of her supposed profligacy, the half-finished portrait, found in her cell, of a young man, which had probably been the occupation of a leisure hour, was carried before her. But who can describe the feelings of the count, when in the persecuted female, he beheld the fair Annette Gantheaume? In a moment he threw himself into the midst of the mob, and partly by his own personal prowess, and partly by the aid of a few of the soldiery who at that moment came to put a stop, before it was too late, to the unbridled license of the populace, rescued the trembling girl from her persecutors.

Hurrying to Paris with his precious charge, he consigned her into the hands of a grateful mother; but on the road had time to pour forth the effusions of his love-sick soul, and to receive Annette's avowal in return. News of this exploit soon reached Paris, and but a few days had elapsed when he was looked upon by the democrats with a suspicious eye. His possessions were ample, and since he had been heard to ex-

press some sentiment expressive of his disapprobation of the aid which the legislature occasionally required from the armed populace, he was soon set down as a decided aristocrat. Gantheaume was the instrument used by the base "Mountain" faction, to render suspected by the people the pure republican. In the confidence of friendship, De Ponthien disclosed to him plans he had concocted for the purpose of keeping in check the already too exorbitant power of the populace. The traitorous Gantheaume—forgetful of the benefit conferred on him by the count in the preservation of his child—under promise of a portion of the property to be confiscated of the noble, betrayed his purpose to the revolutionary tribunal. But madame Gantheaume discovered the treachery, and had time to warn De Ponthien to fly. One line he received from Annette—"As you love your Annette, fly! In life or death—in our native land or in the exile's home, I am thine—and for ever."

De Ponthien, on the receipt of this, fled to his paternal domains in the province of La Brétagne. The Vendeeans at this moment were in arms. Incensed beyond measure at the faithlessness of the republicans, and utterly disgusted at all the arts of the pseudo-republican government, his feelings—which were ever guided by the passing events, and were founded on no religious principle, which might have rendered them stable—took a direction diametrically the reverse of his former opinions, and soon he became the most vehement royalist, and one of the most successful of their leaders in this most gallant, most noble stand for royalty. But the Vendeeans at length succumbed to

the force of numbers; and one of the most brilliant displays which the world has ever seen of patriotic heroism, when supported by a just cause, was shorn of its effects from the timid policy of England. Republican France trembled in the balance—England held back her aid—La Vendée fell.

The count was, however, comparatively safe: he had at his command a small vessel, built for speed, and armed after the manner of those which had received letters of marque to act against the English trade. The republican forces had now entered La Brétagne, and, after a gallant defence, the Island of Noirmontier had fallen, and the guillotine flowed with the blood of all that were in the remotest degree allied to the ancient *noblesse* of France.

Here, as to the strongest position in the country, De Ponthien had sent his aged mother and his sisters. They were amongst the first victims of republican barbarity, and invention was racked to its utmost to render their deaths more frightfully appalling. From this moment De Ponthien vowed eternal enmity to the republic. His feelings grew savage and morose; and when, a few days after, news arrived that his paternal residence was burnt to the ground, and that all who had adhered to their master were driven from the soil, or met death from the hands of the public executioner, his feelings were at their extremest height, and his brain revolved with plans for revenging his wrongs on the heads of all who might serve the usurping government.

In his vessel, which was manned by the most reckless and daring crew that could be found, all equally

influenced by hatred of the revolutionary government of France, he put to sea; but found, to his mortification, that injury could not be inflicted on those he most hated—his bark was not sufficiently powerful, and the unfortunate trader was the only individual who would suffer from his enmity to Mountainist France. He found also that La Brétagne was now so filled with republican troops, that the utmost difficulty existed in procuring provisions for his crew.

At length his resolution was taken. In an obscure creek he disguised himself as a red-hot republican, and hastened to Paris. Madame Gantheaume was no more, and the brutal father was preparing to force his daughter into the alliance of one of the most ferocious of the revolutionary tribunal. On her knees she supplicated to be spared the pollution of giving her hand when her heart was another's; a gross jest was the reply of the inhuman father.

On the arrival of De Ponthien in Paris, so debased had become the feelings of all, from the terror that reigned in their hearts, and from the entire disregard which prevailed of all religion, that no one could trust either relative or friend. Had hell been let loose, more fiendish passions could not have issued forth—men had become incarnate devils. Thus De Ponthien had none to aid him in the plan he projected.

Venturing on a disguise which had saved him on a former occasion, he boldly visited the house of Gantheaume. Fortune befriended him; he deceived the traitorous "Mountainist," and contrived to convey a short note to Annette. That night they quitted Paris, and after incredible hardships and hair-breadth escapes,

arrived at the coast. The little bark was seen, and the appointed signal having been answered, favorable breezes soon wafted them to the shores of England. The port of Weymouth was boldly entered by De Ponthien, and the strangers were kindly received by the inhabitants. Nevertheless, to aught that bore the name of French, so hostile were the English of all classes, more especially the lower orders, that they soon found insult upon insult heaped upon them, and that it was necessary to find some other place of abode. A small cottage was soon fixed upon and his little bark was moored in an adjoining creek. His resources were soon exhausted; and at length, finding no sympathy from those around, he determined to procure the comforts necessary for Annette (to whom he had been married on his arrival in England,) by trading to France in contravention of their republican laws, and in return to bring to England those things which were deemed contraband in retaliation for the French measure. Perhaps the proud spirit of De Ponthien might have rejected this ignoble manner of life had not his difficulties rapidly increased, at a moment when Annette required double comforts; and since, in his early career, he had imbibed the pernicious doctrines in religion of the French democratic school, so his feelings, without a true guide told him that he erred not: "man had declared himself his enemy, and he therefore was emancipated from man's laws."

At first, all prospered—but still was he dissatisfied; and although the son which Annette presented to her lord, for a time rendered him contented with his home, he at length grew weary of this kind of life. He long-

ed to be freed from the enthralment of a petty cottage in a foreign land; and since by his voyages he had amassed a considerable sum, he planned a return to his native shores.

Annette, who was contented, and when her Robert smiled was even happy, had heretofore used all her eloquence in vain to dissuade him from further tempting his fortune. "We have," would she say, "sufficient for our wants, what need we more, my Robert?—Have we not each other, and our child?" But Ponthien revolved vast projects in his brain, and required a still larger sum before these could be attempted. Nevertheless, at his wife's entreaties, he had promised before his last departure, that should this voyage be successful, he would, at all events, give up this mode of life.

By his previous successes he had been enabled to purchase another vessel; thus had he started on this last expedition, and the night on which he had returned, Annette had promised herself would have been the last of this (to her mind) unhallowed life; and bright visions of future happiness, which were thus rudely cast to the ground, danced before her eyes. Still a hope existed that the remaining vessel might be saved. With the accustomed kindness and thoughtfulness of woman, Annette had prepared for her husband all that she deemed might reinvigorate him after such a storm; but he cared not for aught; he pushed everything rudely aside, and quaffed glass after glass, as if to banish all thought, all care.

For a time Annette bore this unkindness, but at length she burst into a paroxysm of tears, and rushed

from the room. De Ponthien loved his wife; but, as is frequently the case with men whose minds are one continued torrent of conflicting passions, without compass or rudder, whose enthusiastic imaginations make them anticipate success too sanguinely, and who are proportionately downcast by reverse, their behavior to those around them participates in the exaltation or depression of their feelings, consequent on the success or failure of the projects in which they may have been engaged. So of De Ponthien and Annette; and when his projects were overthrown—his hopes dashed to the ground, the boasted courage of the man sank to the level of the timid woman. But still he loved Annette—aye, dearly loved her.

Leaving the table, therefore, he followed her to her room. A ray of joy lit up poor Annette's face when she beheld her repentant husband; and, brushing the tear from her eye, she fell on his bosom. He, on his part, was equally moved: clasping her in his arms, he led her to the cot in which their child lay. The infant unclosed its eyes, and the now happy mother, taking it in her arms, gave it to her husband. He understood her mute eloquence; his noble spirit once more returned; and, as if a sudden light, which told of his own ingratitude to a wife who for him had sacrificed her all, had burst upon his soul, and as if for the first time religion had unclosed his before benighted eyes, holding their infant in his arms, he fell upon his knees and prayed to the God he had so long neglected to pardon his sins, and to turn his heart to virtue. "Yes, my Annette, I am now truly thine; before this hour my heart wandered in ambition's path,

and sought not in thy love alone that happiness which there only was to be found." The child at this moment stretched forth its little arms, and put them round its father's neck. "Yes, my wife," he continued, "look, look at our child; even he rejoices to see his father's return to those better feelings which his youth enjoyed, before democratic infidelity and unaided reason had soiled his soul Thy goodness, Annette—thy forbearance has won me back to my former self. Thou knowest not what I feel at this hour——But hark!—what sound is that?—and again! 'T is our bark, Annette—a signal of distress! But I must away—"

"Stay, stay, my husband—risk thy life no more;—thou bearest three lives in thine."

"Annette, would you have your husband neglect the call of suffering humanity? Would you not rather that he should fly to the rescue of those who so oft have aided him?"

"Yes, yes, Robert—and still, no!—What say I—wretched that I am? But say thou wilt speedily return—and one word more—are we really to live in blest content? Oh! say but that word once more, my Robert, and then go. I would not have my husband aught but generous, noble, gallant—aye, and foremost to save those in peril."

"Annette, this night passed, no power shall ever force me to walk again in these paths of guilt—I will say wretchedness. We will seek some spot where France and ambition shall be forgotten; I will live for my Annette alone, and this, our blessed child. But hark! again I hear that fatal gun of distress.—Farewell, may the God in Heaven bless thee, my own

heart's idol!" One hurried kiss on the brow of the babe, and then depositing it in its mother's arms—one hurried embrace was taken, and De Ponthein hurried to the shore.

When he reached the beach an appalling sight met his view. The bark, which bore his remaining comrades, was dashing with violence against the cliff; and no hope appeared of saving aught that was on board. At this moment the wind, veering, drove her off the cliff, and she was cast high and dry upon some sands, where, as the tide was rapidly ebbing, the crew would shortly be in safety. In about an hour all were on shore, and saved; when suddenly a party of soldiers, who were under the orders of the revenue department, reached the spot, and summoned the whole party to surrender.

As the laws were then very severe against the introduction of goods from the coast of France, and as the smugglers were well armed, they gave answer by firing a volley at the soldiery. De Ponthien rushed forward to prevent further slaughter, but in a moment he was struck down by a blow from one of the opposite party. He was, however, but little hurt; and seeing that accommodation was impossible, did his utmost in defence of his little band. Nevertheless, they were forced to retire; and in the darkness were enabled to make good their retreat to the vicinity of the cottage of De Ponthien.

Annette, after the departure of her husband, had for some time listened at the open casement, in the vain expectation of his speedy return. Her thoughts wandered over the days when first she beheld De Pon-

thein—the patriotic noble, animated by the sacred fire of liberty—the emulated by the young—the applauded by the aged—but whose every thought and feeling were hers. But what was he now? The unknown, degraded smuggler; snatching a precarious meal by infringing the laws of a land which sheltered him in the hour of distress. But even this thought past away, and turning to look upon her child, "Yes!" exclaimed she, "my infant babe, no longer shall thy mother blush at the poor revenge thy father seeks on a soil he deems inhospitable; no longer shall sleepless nights, and days of wretchedness, be her lot—this night gone and all is passed." Then hanging over the cradle of the sleeping infant, she prayed Heaven's mercy on her erring husband; and a sweet calm as of coming joy overspread her frame.

Suddenly a shot is heard—another and another fall dropping on her ear. She starts from her reverie of happiness; and now the sound of voices, nearer and more near, intermingled with the harsh clangor of arms is distinctly heard.

"Open, Annette, open speedily for your life—for your husband's life!" were the first words which rung on her agonized ear.

In a moment the door was opened, and De Ponthien, followed by about a dozen sailors, rushed into the house, and closing speedily the door, barricadoed it as well as circumstances would permit.

"To your chamber, Annette—to your chamber!" De Ponthien cried, as shots, passing through the casement, struck on the opposite wall.

"Never, my husband!—never, Robert, will I leave you whilst danger threatens."

Three men had already fallen whilst barricadoing the house; but the remainder were now so completely ensconced behind the walls, that for the moment they were safe. The soldiery, finding that the doors or casements could not be forced, made an attempt to scale to the upper story, which, in the confusion, had been by the smugglers forgotten. Reaching the casement, the noise of opening it was heard from below, and De Ponthien with agony remembered the omission, and that their child slept in the room into which the soldiery had found entrance. He rushed up the steps, and in a moment was in the presence of the intruders. Two were hurled from the windows, and De Ponthien, snatching his child from its cradle, rushed from the room and secured the door.

A parley was now held, and the officer who commanded the party promised that, if they would deliver up their leader, nought but a slight imprisonment should be their doom; but, wretches as they were, they still disdained such ignoble terms; when one of the soldiery, regardless of the orders of the officer, fired during the conference. A scream, so piercing that even the boldest trembled, and held back in mute affright, told that the shot had too fearfully done its work.

The count, who had determined not to permit the generous sacrifice which the honor of his rude associates had intended, was stepping forward to resign himself as a prisoner, when this fatal shot had done its work. De Ponthien fell; and the infant by the same shot pierced in its father's arms—its eyes distended, and its little cheeks hidden by the blood which oozed from its mouth—lay on the smuggler's breast.

The scream of agony was Annette's. One hour before she had been a doting mother—a happy wife—one hour before, the repentant husband had vowed himself to happiness and her. De Ponthein still breathed. She hung over his body in speechless agony; and, placing her lips to his, tried, as it were, to prevent the breath of life from escaping from its home. Once more he opened his eyes; a faint smile played around his lips; he raised his hand and pointed to Heaven, as if in hope—her lips met his, and received his last, his dying breath.

The appalling nature of the spectacle had suspended the power of action of the remaining few. The door was now forced open, and the officer rushing in, followed by his men with their torches, threw a light on the fearful scene. Annette, with hair disheveled, and covered with the blood of her murdered husband, lay on his breast. Her lips yet touched his—her hand clasped his—whilst the babe lay by their side weltering in his gore. Resistance had ceased; the very soldiery hung back in mute affright: at length the awe-struck officer approached the fearful group, and attempted to lift Annette from the corse. She rose—a laugh, ten times more terrible than the most awful ravings of despair, told the hideous tale—Annette, the beautiful Annette, was a raving maniac!

AN ADVENTURE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

From the Court Gazette.

THERE is not in the British Isles a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelly, nor one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. Its green banks slope verdantly to the river side, fringed with trees and watered by sparkling streamlets; higher up, Cader-Idris and a chain of high mountains point their gray summits, bold and bleak, to the sky. Snowdon peeps through the dark vista—and half-way down the valley forms a beautiful meeting of the waters of two fair rivers, that, uniting into a lake-like stream, glides smoothly onward to the Irish Sea. Thick woods, noble country seats, and smiling cottages, sheltered and shadowed by many a sunny hill, blend their beauty with the dark rock, the scathed pine, and the healthy mountain side, while the ever-changing light and shadow, the varied colors, and the light haze resting on the park, or floating dreamily in the very centre of the valley, present a picture which few who have gazed upon will forget, or scruple to affirm with us, that among the hundred valleys of our happy Isles there is not a nobler or a fairer one than the Vale of Dolgelly. And when the royal eye of her who rules them glances over our pages, she will not fail to remember the sweet summer evenings, when straying by the romantic shores of Beaumaris, she has seen the

dusky cloud-like peak of Snowdon, as it rose far in the distance over the quiet waters of the bay. And long on those shores will she be remembered—the village maiden that dropped a courtesy, and gray-haired man that made his humble reverence to the lovely girl, the future Queen of England; and whose simple hearts were gladdened by her smile, often point out the spots she visited, the mossy stone she sat upon, and the scenery with which she was pleased and familiar, when far from the splendor of Courts, she dwelt among the quiet glades of their mountain land.

Such, indeed, is the Vale of Dolgelly when the sun is shining on its waters, and brightening the verdure of its banks, but when the storm sweeps from the hills, and to the darkness of night is added the gloomy shadow of the mountain—when every stream becomes a torrent, and mingles its roar with the long howls of the blast; when the vapory clouds hang in blackness and shroud not only the stars, but the twinkling cottage light, there are few places which create such feelings of dreariness and desolation.

It was even in such a night that a single horseman urged his strong black steed along the rough pathway that formed the mountain pass—now clattering upon the smooth-worn rock—now snorting and plunging up to the saddle-girth in the splashing stream; and again, aided and urged by hand and spur, toiling up the rugged bank, and then bounding forward with unabated vigor over the broken heath, in the direction of the more level country that stretches to the plains of Shropshire.

"What, ho! sir stranger!" cried a deep-toned voice,

as the stout steed extricated himself by a violent effort from a swamp, was again moved forward. "What, ho! sir stranger, whither so fast?" repeated the voice, as three men well mounted issued from the shadow of some scattered trees, and joined the traveller, who at the second challenge reined up his steed, and laid his hand upon his holster.

"Who be ye that inquire?" he demanded. "I have small time or pleasure to answer greetings that bode me hindrance."

The party who addressed him gave a loud laugh. "By Becket's bones, fair sir, ye speak as though it were a matter of thine own choice to answer us or no."

"Ay, marry, and so it is. Nay, friend, handle not my bridle," said the horseman, drawing a pistol from his saddle.

"Hold, hold!" cried the other speaker, "an ye be wise, trifle not with such trinkets as these. Put up thy pistol and thou shalt know thy company."

"Nay, by Heaven, it were more fitting that I knew my company ere I parted with my weapons. Trust me, I have right good will to use them, were it but to repay thee for thy sauciness."

"By my faith I doubt it not, for thou seemest a cock of game. But thou art in better company than thou could'st have bargained for. Here at my side rides the worthy and worshipful Obadiah Strong-in-faith, Captain of certain pious dragoons in the service of the State; and to his left is the devout Zacharias Trust-in-good-works, an officer in the same troop, marvellous and edifying disputants as thou mayest have an oppor-

tunity of hearing. For myself, I am known by the cardinal name of Richard Scampgrace, and am also an officer in the army of the Parliament. Now who or what art thou, in the devil's name ?"

"A soldier of fortune and an adherent to the king."

"A long-haired cavalier—be it so, and whither art thou bound ?"

"To the Castle of Sir David Tudor."

"That thou can'st not reach to night; you have many a long mile to ride, and your steed pants and moves but dully. What say you to passing the night at yonder hostelry where you see the light ?"

The other paused ere he replied; and as he hesitated, one of his companions wheeled from the left, bringing his horse round to the other side, a movement that passed not unobserved by the Cavalier, and, with somewhat sorry grace he declared his willingness to visit the hostelry.

It was a long low building, strongly formed of rough undressed stones. Its porch had loop-holes for musketry; its windows were protected by strong bars of iron; an angry streamlet gushing over loose and broken stones, which it had torn from the mountain above, formed a deep moat round the building, and to add to its martial character, the party had no sooner crossed a rustic bridge than they were challenged by a guard of soldiers. The Cavalier at this could not conceal his uneasiness.

"By our Lady! comrades of mine," said he, "ye have brought me to a fortalice instead of a hostelry."

"It is in truth somewhat of both, and as occasion requires, serves for either; but that little recketh, thou

shalt find good entertainment, and thy steed shall be cared for."

It was now too late to retreat, and the Cavalier dismounting, and giving his horse to a groom, entered the building followed by his companions. A large fire blazing on the hearth, huge waxen tapers stood upon the board, and the drowsy soldiers that occupied the benches glanced listlessly at the Cavalier. The light showed him to be a young man of middle age, but strongly and gracefully built; his features were plain, but animated by a keen and bright eye that told of the gallant recklessness of the royal adherent, and his long raven hair, sparkling with night dew as it curled over his shoulders, added a grace and beauty to his whole appearance. He had no sooner seated himself than Scampgrace again addressed him.

"Sir Cavalier," said he, "you must even give us up your papers and arms, but when Major Holdenburgh returns, and is satisfied with thee and thine errand, in the morning thou mayest depart without further questions."

"By St. George of England!" cried the Cavalier, starting to his feet, "this is but churlish courtesy. Ye have invited me hither, and now—"

"Small words will suffice," replied the other.—"We have orders to guard the mountain passes and to arrest all suspicious persons. So give him up thy papers and weapons at once, and save us the trouble of taking them by rougher means."

The eyes of the Cavalier flashed with anger at the cool, determined manner of the Roundhead, and he seemed as if disposed forcibly to effect his retreat;

but a moment's reflection showed him the madness of such an attempt, and unbuckling his belt, threw down his pistols, and declared he had no papers to submit, gloomily resumed his seat.

There was something in the air of the youth that repelled closer communion with his captors, and made them reluctant—they knew not why—to come to extremities: they forebore, therefore, to search or lay hands upon him, but in a more respectful tone, invited him to partake of cheer which had just been laid on the board. The cavalier willingly complied; and while the soldiers were thus engaged, he took the opportunity of glancing carefully around the room, to examine the features of his entertainer. These, however, presented no peculiar marks, beyond the usual dullness and gravity which characterized Cromwell's troops;—and he was giving up the scrutiny, satisfied with the result, when his eyes were arrested with the piercing glance of a soldier who, wrapped in his cloak, and seated at a distant corner, had, unobserved, been regarding him for some time with fixed attention. Just at that instant the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered with a fresh supply of wine. The soldier quickly removed his eyes from the Cavalier, and looked eagerly towards the maiden as she approached the table.

"Ah! cried Scampgrace, "here comes the daughter of our host, fair Ellen Wynne, and I warrant for no other object but to see the young Cavalier, for well I wot, Ellen, thou comest but rarely amongst us."

She blushed at the words, and the cavalier dashing his heavy locks from his brow, gazed with admiration

on the maiden before him. Long tresses of auburn fell in silken luxuriance over her tight bodice—her hazel eyes brightened with her smile, the lurking sweetness of which played around her lips, that, parting, showed teeth of pearly whiteness—her light and graceful figure—the fawn-like timidity of her approach, and the look of interest which she gave the young stranger, might have aroused the attention of a more apathetic gallant than he.

"By mine honor, comrade," cried he, "you spoke well in saying that the daughter of our host was fair. Wilt thou pledge me, my pretty maiden?—for, on a soldier's word, I have never had such a cup-bearer before."

The maiden touched the goblet with her lips, and the youth, raising it in his hand, exclaimed—"I drink to thee, fair Ellen, and good, leal and true may he be who kneels at the altar with such a bride." Then, draining the cup, threw it down—"Thou wilt not refuse a knightly boon nor courtesy," added he, rising from his seat and drawing a sparkling ring from his finger, which he placed on that of the blushing girl—and then, with the customary gallantry of the times, drew her towards him and kissed her cheek. But he had whispered something in Ellen's ear that drove the blood from her face, and she stood as if petrified. Her eye glanced wildly round the room, until it met the keen look of the dark soldier in the corner; the blood again rushed over her cheek and brow, and she hastily glided from the apartment.

The din of revelry was over in the hostelry—the soldiers slumbered on the benches—and the prisoner sat alone in the narrow chamber in which his humble

pallet had been spread. The dull tread of the guard, the howl of the blast, and the roar of the mountain torrent fell cheerless on his ear—the sickly flame of the lamp seemed like the waning of hope, and the loneliness of the hour added melancholy to his musing.

"Fool that I was," he exclaimed bitterly, "to have left the open heath for this paltry prison-house, where I am at the mercy of my deadliest enemies. Would to God I had my good steed once more under me, and the sword in my grasp, these prickeared dogs would hardly again wile me into their lure. Fool! fool that I was," he repeated, as chafing like a prisoned tiger, he hurriedly paced the apartment. A light step was heard approaching—the Cavalier suddenly paused; immediately the door of his apartment was cautiously opened, and Ellen Wynne, pale and agitated, and bearing a small lamp, glided noiselessly to his side. Her long hair hung disheveled over her heaving bosom—her eyes were glistening with tears, and her hands trembled as she placed the lamp upon the hearth.

"My fair Ellen," cried the Cavalier, a flash of joy brightening his features, "I knew thou would'st not betray me."

"Betray thee!" cried the maiden, clasping her hands, "never, never! but, alas! to aid thee exceeds my power.'

"Say not so," replied the Cavalier; "the eyes, my pretty Ellen, that can break hearts, can also undo iron bars. Is there no soldier of the Guard that calls himself the lover of Ellen Wynne?"

The maiden blushed at the question, but replied

without hesitation—"There is even such an one, but him I dare not trust; and yet," continued she in a musing tone, "there was a time when right blithely I would have trusted Ralph Lloyd, but he is altered now. He forsook the banners of Sir David Tudor, to join the army of Cromwell; and if he knew the rank of his prisoner, the reward they have put upon your head would tempt him to betray you."

"And wherefore did he change his party, and why may he not be trusted? Do'st still love the soldier, Ellen?"

"Love him! no, no! I never loved Ralph Lloyd; but there is one who would not betray thee," cried the maiden with enthusiasm—"one who would die sooner."

"And who or where is he?" said the Cavalier, smiling.

"Alas" said Ellen in a tone of despondency, "he is far from here, and it would go hard with him if he fell into the hands of the troops of Cromwell. But I have sent a messenger to him, and were you once beyond these walls, you would find Edgar Vaughan a true and trusty escort."

"I shall have small need of his services if I escape not ere Major Holdenburgh arrives, to whom I cannot be unknown. S'death, Ellen, could'st thou but procure me a brand, I would even——"

Here a suppressed scream from the maiden caused the Cavalier to pause, and turning to the door, he perceived the dark look of the soldier, who at supper had so closely watched him, fixed scowling and steadily upon the maiden and himself. At that very instant,

the sound of advancing horsemen was heard. "They come! they come!" cried Ellen in terror, grasping with both hands the arm of the Cavalier. Then turning to the soldier—"Ralph, Ralph!' she cried in an imploring tone, "would you betray your King?"

"Ha?" cried the soldier, in a voice of exultation, "it is even as I thought." But as he spoke, the royal prisoner sprung suddenly upon him, wrested his dagger from his hand, and held it gleaming before his eyes, exclaiming—"One word, miscreant, and thou diest!"

"The King! the King!" shouted the struggling soldier, extricating his arm and drawing a pistol from his belt; but his active antagonist on the instant struck his dagger in his throat, and hurled him down the narrow stair-case.

"The King! the King!" echoed again the horsemen without, as the clashing of arms was followed by the ring of a peal of musketry; and ere its tingle left the ear, a loud voice was heard to cry—"Surrender to the soldiers of King Charles!"

"'Tis he!" cried Ellen, starting up with a sudden animation from the drooping into which she had shrunk with terror, "'tis Edgar!"

"Surrender, dogs of Cromwell!" shouted the same voice, as the pike butts of the horsemen thundered at the door.

It was soon burst open. Startled, weakened, and dispirited, the assailed offered but feeble resistance and yielded themselves prisoners to the adherents of the King. But they sought not thus to profit by the surrender. Rushing in, Edgar Vaughan caught Ellen

in his arms; then recognizing the King, doffing his bonnet and bending his knee, he exclaimed, "Mount, mount, my liege!—The passes are beset, and the beacons are burning on the hills of Shropshire and Montgomery."

It was no time for parley. A stout steed was ready at the door; and young Edgar, hurriedly whispering to Ellen, once more embraced her, and then led the way for his Royal Master.

"Good betide thee, fair Ellen," cried the King;—"and God speed the day that brings me power to requite thy kindness." Then springing to the saddle, the horse-hoofs of the little party clattered for an instant on the rocky pathway and then died away on the distant heath.

Ten summers had smiled on the mountain valley of Merioneth, and where had stood the humble hostelry, was reared a baronial hall. It has long since passed away, and there remains not even a ruin to tell where it stood; but its founder and his fair dame are not forgotten, and many a proud family in Wales can boast descent from Sir Edgar Vaughan and Ellen Wynne.

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

Oh what upon this earth doth prove
So steadfast as a mother's love!
Oh what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought, when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

F. R. Apollo Pinx. Orsan & Lemaire Sculp.

The Mother's Dirge.

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At morn and evening, o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale, and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air!

Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song,
But years like phantoms quickly pass,
Then look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on Death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sunder'd spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love!

THE KING'S WARD.

BY MISS MITFORD.

"I have no joy of this contract to-night."
Shakspeare.

"WHAT! not a word to thy poor old nurse, or thy faithful bower-women? Not a nod, or a smile, or a kindly look, to show that thou heedest us? Thou that wast wont to be the merriest and kindliest damsel in merry Cumberland, the fair and the noble Edith Clifford, the wealthiest maiden north of Trent, about to be wedded, too, to the young Philip Howard, the goodliest and the bravest knight of King Henry's court, for whose favor the gay dames of the south have been trying and vieing at pageant, at joust, and at tournament, ever since his return from the wars! Men say that, for all that he hath fought against the Soldan, and carried the "blanche-lion" the old banner of his house, foremost among the proud chivalry of France and Italy, he hath rather the mien of a young page than of a stalwart warrior, so smooth and fair is his brow, so graceful his form, so gentle and courteous his bearing. Still amort, Sweeting! mute as a marble image on thy very bridal eve!" And the good old Margaret, seeing her lady still unmoved, paused for very vexation.

"So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed one of the attendant maidens, glancing at the profusion of rich

gifts with which a heavy wain had been laden, and which had arrived that very day at the castle, under convoy of the good knight's squire, and a score or two of pages and men-at-arms, and which now lay in magnificent profusion about the tapestried chamber, scattered amidst the quaint antique furniture, high-backed ebony chairs, oaken screens, cut into mimic lace work; marble-slabs, resting on gilded griffins, or some such picturesque monsters of heraldry; and huge cabinets, composed of the rarest woods, an entire history, profane or sacred, carved upon the doors, and surmounted with spires and pinnacles, like the decorated shrine of a Gothic cathedral; the whole scene, lighted up by the bright beams of the evening sun, colored into a thousand vivid hues, as they glanced through the storied panes of the oriel window. A scene more bright, or more gorgeous, than that stately lady's bower, tenanted, as it was, by woman in her fairest forms, by venerable age and blooming youth, could hardly be found in merry England. Yet there sat the youthful lady of the castle, in the midst of all this costly beauty, languid and listless, pale and motionless as a statue.

"So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed Mistress Mabel, the pretty bright-eyed brunette, the Lady Edith's principal bower-woman, who being reckoned the best adjuster of a head-tire, and the most skillful professor of all arts of the loom and the needle, whether in white-seam, cut work, tapestry, or broidery, of any maiden in the north country, was more especially alive to the rarity and richness of Sir Philip's gifts.

"So generous a wooer, too! only look at these

carpets from Persia! 'T is a marvel how folk can have the heart to put foot on such bright flowers; they seem as if they were growing! And these velvets from Genoa; were ever such colors seen? And the silken stuffs from Padua, that stand on end with their own richness; what kirtles and mantles they will make! and the gloves of Cales, that cause the chamber to smell like a garden full of spice, cloves, and jessamine! And these veils from the Low Countries, as fine as a spider's web! And the cloth of gold, and the cloth of silver,—where did Master Eustace say they came from, Dame Margaret? And this golden vessel for perfumes, which looks like a basket all overrun with grapes and ivy?"

"That was wrought by a cunning goldsmith of Florence," responded old Margaret, "whose skill is so surpassing, that, albeit he employs chiefly the precious metals, the workmanship is of more value than the materials. This silver tray, with the delicate trellis-work, wreathed with lilies and roses round the edge, and the story of Diana, and etc.—etc.—fie on my old brains! I shall forget my own name soon!—Diana and—he that was turned into a stag——"

"Actæon!" whispered Alice, the fairest and most youthful of the Lady Edith's attendants, gently and unostentatiously supplying the good dame's failure of memory, without looking up from her work.

"Ay, Actæon! I thank thee, Alice. Thy wits are younger than mine by fifty good years, or more. This silver salver, with the light delicate edge, that seems like the work of the fairies, and the story of Diana and Actæon inside, is by the same hand."

"And then the caskets of precious stones!" pursued the enthusiastic waiting damsel, warming at the contemplation of the finery. "The brooches and bracelets! The coronets and the carkanets! why, yonder wreath of emeralds and amethysts, which lies on the table underneath the great Venetian glass—to think of my lady never having had the curiosity to look into *that!*" (and Mistress Mabel took a self-satisfied peep at her own pretty figure, as it was reflected on the broad clear surface of the rare and costly mirror,) "that single wreath, which she hath never vouchsafed to glance upon: and the ropes of pearl which I laid upon her lap, and which she hath let drop upon the floor;—do pick them up, Alice!—I verily believe the foolish wench careth as little for these precious adornments as the Lady Edith herself! That one wreath, and those strings of pearl, be worth an earl's ransom."

At this moment the sound of a harp was heard, and the voice of the minstrel arose from beneath the casement:—

"Waken to pleasure,
  Lady sweet!
Lo! an empire's treasure
  Is spread at thy feet:

Here be shawls of Cashmere fine;
Rubies from Bucharia's mine;
The pear-shaped pearls of Ormuz' bay;
And gold, 'mid Yemen's sands that lay.

Waken to pleasure,
  Lady sweet!
Love, and love's treasure
  Be spread at thy feet."

The air was smooth and flowing, and the voice of Robert Fitz-Stephen, one of the most approved of the courtly minstrels: but still the Lady Edith sat pale and motionless, as though the tide of melody had glided unfelt over her senses, producing no more impression than the waters of the lake upon the plumage of the cygnet.

Dame Margaret sighed deeply: and Mabel, giving her head a provoked impatient jerk, resumed her embroidery with such furious rapidity, that she broke her silk half-a-dozen times in the course of a minute, and well-nigh spoiled the carnation upon which she was engaged, and which she had intended to outvie the natural blossom in Father Francis's flower-border. Young Alice, drawing her tapestry-frame nearer to them, and further from the Lady Edith, and speaking in a low tone, even lower than her own soft and gentle natural voice, resumed the conversation.

"For my poor part, good Mabel (call me foolish an' thou wilt,) I do *not* wonder at our sweet lady's sadness. Think what a piteous thing it is to be an orphan; think but of that great grief! And then to be a great heir to boot, left in the kings's ward, and dragged from her old dear home in her old dear north countrie, to this fine grand castle (which, albeit her own also in right of her lady mother, seems too strange and too grand for happiness,) and all for the purpose of being

wedded to this young lord, with his costly glittering gifts, who hath never vouchsafed to come near her until now, on the very eve of the bridal, when it hath pleased him to give notice of his approach.

Holy St. Agatha defend me from such a wooer! A wooer, whose actions show, as plainly as words could tell, that he seeketh the Lady Edith's broad lands, and careth as little for the Lady Edith's warm heart, as I do for a withered rose-leaf. I'll tell thee what, Mabel, I never look to see such happy days again, as when we dwelt in our old dear home, amongst the pleasant vales and breezy mountains of Cumberland. There was health and freedom in the very air. Dost thou not remember the day when old Geoffrey the falconer had lamed himself among the rocks, and the youth Albert, the traveling minstrel, took charge of the hawks and waited on my lady, as if he had been trained to the sport all his life long! Hast thou forgot how she stood by the lake, with her favorite merlin on her wrist, and her white greyhound Lily-bell at her side, looking like the very goddess of the chase, so full of life and spirit, and cheeriness? And that bright evening when she led the dance round the May-pole? Well-a-day, poor lady! 'tis a woful change!"

It was remarkable that the Lady Edith's attention, which neither the louder speech of her elder attendants, nor the ringing tones of the harper, had been able to command, was arrested at once by the soft low voice of Alice. The womanly sympathy sank soothingly into the woman's heart, just as the gentle rain from heaven penetrates the parched hill-side, from whose arid surface the sharp and arrowy hail rebounds with-

out impression. The drooping mistress listened in mournful silence, whilst her faithful maiden, unconscious that she had attracted her notice, pursued, in still lower accents, the train of thought which her own fond recollections of the freedom and happiness which they had tasted among their native mountains had awakened in her mind.

"Poor Albert, too! the wandering minstrel, who came to the castle gate to crave lodging for one night, and sojourned with us for three long months; and then, when he had wrought himself up to go,—and, verily it was a parting like that of the spirit and the flesh, when he left our old walls,—returned again and again, and finally fixed himself in the fisherman's cottage, where the mountain streamlet, after meandering along the meadow, falls into the lake. Poor Albert! I warrant me he taketh good care of Lily-bell and my lady's merlin, whereof he craved the charge from old Geoffrey. I marvel whether my lady knoweth that her pretty Lily-bell and her favorite falcon be in hands that will tend them so faithfully, for her dear sake! To my fancy, Mabel, that poor youth, albeit so fearful and so ashamed in her presence, worshipped the very ground that she trod upon. I have seen him kiss Lily-bell's glossy head, after her hand had patted it, reverently and devoutly, as though it had been a holy relic in the great minster at Durham."

Again the full and ringing chords of the harp—but, this time, to an old border air, well known to the northern maids—arose from beneath the casement. The voice, too, was different from that of the courtly minstrel—deeper, manlier, pouring forth the spirit of

the words, as they gushed spontaneously, as it seemed, from his lips, as though, in his case, song were but the medium of feeling, and the poet's fancy and the musician's skill buried in the impassioned grief of the despairing lover. So the strain rang:—

"High o'er the baron's castle tall,
Rich banners float with heavy fall;
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth, to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream runs bright and fair,—
The love star of the west shines there."

"Ha!" exclaimed old Margaret; "that ditty hath aroused my lady. See how she listens."

"'Tis the roundelay which she herself was wont to sing," observed Mabel; "but the words are different."

"Peace! peace!" cried the lady Edith, checking, with some impatience the prattle of her attendants, and leaning against the casement which she flung open, as the deep and earnest voice of the minstrel again resounded through the apartment. "Be silent I pray ye!"

"Mailed warders pace o'er keep and tower;
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, squire, and knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein.

Yet in that cot the milk-white hound,
The favorite falcon, still are found;
And one more fond, more true than they,
Born to adore and to obey."

"Alack! alack!" sighed the tender hearted Alice. "Well-a-day, poor youth! I ever deemed that his strange fondness for Lily-bell--albeit as pretty and playful a creature as ever gambolled on the green-sward, and as swift of foot as ever followed hare over the mountains—had a deeper source than love of the good hound. Well-a-day, poor Albert! He was a goodly youth!"

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed the Lady Edith, as the symphony finished, and the voice again mingled with the chords of the harp, struck falteringly and unsteadily now, as though the hand trembled and the heart waxed faint.

"The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er her face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Lord Howard's lovely bride may claim.
And yet, the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier pressed that snowy brow,
And hearts that wither now were gay,
When she was but the queen of May."

"Alas! alas! my lady, my dear sweet lady!" murmured Alice to herself, as poor Edith, after lingering at the window long enough to ascertain that the harp was silent, and the harper gone, sank into a seat with a sigh and a look of desolation, that proved, more

plainly than words, the truth of the last lines of the minstrel's lay.

"Alas! alas! dear lady!" exclaimed she, in a louder tone, as the sudden burst of startling noises, the warlike blasts of trump and cornet, the jarring dissonant sound caused by raising the heavy portcullis, and lowering the massive drawbridge, and the echoing tramp of barbed steeds and mailed horsemen in the courts of the castle, showed that the expected bridegroom had at length arrived.

Edith wrung her hands in desperation.

"This knight I cannot, and I will not see. Go to him, Margaret; say that I am sick—that I am dying. The blessed saints can bear witness that thou wilt say but the truth in so telling him. Sick at heart am I, sick to the death! Oh that I had died before this wretched hour!"

And poor Edith burst into an agony of tears, that shook her very frame.

"Why goest thou not, Margaret?" inquired she, a few moments after, when, exhausted by its own violence, her grief had become more tranquil. "Why dost thou not carry my message to the Lord Howard? Why dally thus, old dame? Mabel, go thou! They stand about me as though I were an ignorant child, that knew not what she said! Do my bidding on the instant, Mabel: thou wert best!"

"Nay, good my lady, but our gracious lord the king—" "Tell me not of kings, maiden! I'll to sanctuary. I'll fly this very night to my aunt, the prioress of St. Mary's. The church knoweth well how to protect her votaries. Woe is me! that for being born a

rich heir, I must be shut from the free breath of heaven, the living waters, and the flowery vales, in the dark and gloomy cloister! To change the locks that float upon the breeze for the dismal veil! To waste my youth in the cold and narrow convent cell—a living tomb! Oh! it is a sad and a weary lot. But better so, than to plight my troth to one whom I have never seen, and can never love! to give my hand to one man, whilst my heart abideth with another."

"Lady!" cried Margaret; "do my senses play me false! Or is it Edith Clifford that speaketh thus of a low-born churl?"

"A low-born churl!" responded Edith.—"There is a regality of mind and of spirit about that youth, which needeth neither wealth nor lineage to even him with the greatest—the inborn nobility of virtue and of genius! Never till now knew I that he loved me; and now—Hasten to this lord, Alice; and see that he cometh not hither. Wherefore lingerest thou, maiden?" inquired Edith, of the pitying damsel, who staid her steps with an exclamation of surprise, as the door of the chamber was gently opened.

"Tell the Lord Howard the very truth; men say that he is good and wise—too wise, too good, to seek his own happiness at the expense of a poor maiden's misery. Tell him the whole truth, Alice. Spare thy mistress that shame. Say that I love him not—say that I love ——.

"Nay, sweetest lady, from thine own dear lips must come that sweet confession," said a voice at her side; and, turning to the well-known accents, Edith saw, at her feet, him who, having won her heart as the wander-

ing minstrel, the humble falconer, claimed her hand as the rich and high-born Philip Howard, the favorite of the king.

A cry of joy burst from the astonished waiting-women, and was echoed by the pretty greyhound, Lily-bell, who had followed the Lord Howard into the room, and now stood trembling with ecstasy before her fair mistress, resting her head in her lap, and looking up into her face with eyes beaming with affectionate gladness—eyes that literally glowed with delight.

Never was happiness more perfect than that of the betrothed maiden, on this so dreaded bridal eve. And heartily did her faithful attendants sympathise in her happiness; only Mabel found it impossible to comprehend why, in the hour of hope and joy, as in that of fear and sorrow, her dearly beloved finery should be neglected.

"To think," quoth the provoked bower-woman, "that now that all these marvels have come about, and that the Lord Howard turns out to be none other than the youth Albert, my lady will not vouchsafe to tell me whether her kirtle shall be of cloth of gold or cloth of silver; or whether she will don the coronet of rubies or the emerald wreath! Well-a-day!" quoth Mabel, "this love! this love!"

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I HAVE no mother! for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory, still, around my heart,
Like morning mists has hung.

They tell me of an angel form,
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept;—

And that same hand that held my own,
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms expand—
I wonder if she thinks of me,
In that bright happy land;

For I know she is in heaven, now—
That holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow,
And the tear that fell upon my cheek,
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books
  She learn'd me how to spell;
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,
  I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me,
  And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heaven,
  And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother! mother! in my heart
  Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in heaven at last
  That I may meet with thee.

T. K. S.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

THERE was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His motives were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visiter, to the time of the 'dead march in Saul,' and opened both valves of the folding-doors at once, with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Everything seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the 'Morning Post.' The banker and his

wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and a very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object,—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at least.

Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron: nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than did her father out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the

guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool,—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; the father, mother, and daughter, all thought him out of the question: the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other end of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."

Mr. Herbert economized his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way," he added,

"Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada, just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you."

"Good fortune" did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy; but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. "It is all in vain;" he said to himself—"it is all in vain. I know her father too well;" and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice, "In the little room beyond the back drawing-room."

Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, "Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some ser-

vice there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think, when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, "Alice Herbert will hear of this!" but often, too, he would ask himself, "I wonder if she be married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper; the births, deaths, and marriages.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of ——. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know, but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family—where Alice wished to be—in Canada.

In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her

mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing-room. There was no answer, and, unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing-table was vacant, but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep. Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him: it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she could do.—Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing-room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in her deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead for some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

"I had better put this away, Miss Herbert," he said at length, in a low voice; I had better put this away before any one else comes."

Alice gazed on the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked "Prussic acid! poison!"

This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died insolvent; that all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother;—the funeral;—the examination of the papers;—the sale of the house and furniture;—the tiger claws of the law, rending open the house in all its dearest associations;—the commisseration of friends;—the taunts and scoffs of all those who envied and hated in silence. Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death-bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad "*What next?*" when a letter was given to her, and she saw the hand-writing of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered, or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares of

life, are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received, and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquillized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice vow condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence,—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety in May, 183–.

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton.

It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations,—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw,—"Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq." The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised;

but his sensations were very mixed, and although, be it said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible that she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her!"

"Here's a bad business!" cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. "The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there." "You are in for it, too, Ashton. Look there! They talk of three shillings in the pound."

Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then took his hat, and walked to headquarters. What he said or did there, is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time, that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant, and himself, into the little skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering place of Wiston super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore, a post-chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau, towards

Bristol, on his way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet, some one of the many things that fill inns had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length, he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come from the St. Lawrence, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots, and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bed-room was one of those unfortunate inn bed-rooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting-room, which, like a Spanish Duenna, will let nobody in who does not pass by their door. He put on his dressing gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger: there was a considerable crackling and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare from the direction of the stair-

case; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken; and in a minute after, loud knocking at the doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of "Fire! fire!" showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follow such a catastrophe, and the opening of all the doors of the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shoutings, there were screaming and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!"

"Where is she, my good girl?" demanded the young soldier.

"In number eleven," cried the girl, "in number eleven! Her bed-room is within the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise."

"There she is," cried one of the by-standers who overheard; "there she is, I dare say."

Ashton looked up towards the house, through the

lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself occupied, he saw the figure of a woman in her night dress, pass rapidly.

"A ladder," he cried, "a ladder, for God's sake; There is some one there, whoever it be!"

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

"The back staircase is of stone," he cried; "she may be saved that way!"

"Ay, but the corridor, is on fire," said one of the waiters; "you'd better not try, sir, it cannot be done."

Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn; up the stair case; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames were rushing up to the very door of the room he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"I will open it," cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"God of Heaven," he exclaimed, catching her into his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

"And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!" said Alice.

"I will die with you, at least!" replied Henry Ashton; "that is some consolation. But no! they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl, you are saved!"

He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom; and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

"It is as well," he said; "it is as well!" and, as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a deathlike stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed; but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground, a universal shout burst forth from the crowd and even reached the ear of Alice herself: but, ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of the ocean every living thing that she had carried out of England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and ere many months were over, the tears for those dear

beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

DAUGHTER of beauty, born of heavenly race,
Sweet is the silence of thy midnight face,
Fair in the east appears thy silvery ray,
The gems of evening hail thee on their way,
The bending clouds their darker tints destroy,
Smile in thy face, and brighten into joy.
Who, in the sky, can match the Queen of night?
The stars obscured are feeble in thy sight;
Far from thy glance a banishment they seek,
And hide their eyes, in low submission meek;—
Where, when thy face of beauty melts away,
Where dost thou fly, and whither dost thou stray?
Hast thou a hall like Ossian there to go,
Or dost thou dream within the shade of wo?—
Hath every sister lost a heavenly throne,
Or why, at eve, rejoicest thou alone?—
Yes, sweetest beam, their glories now are low,
And oft thou leavest heaven to tell thy wo!
But thou shalt also know eternal wane,
The twilight sky shall court thy steps in vain;
Thy sinking in the west no more to rise,
Will cause the stars to triumph in the skies;
They, whom thy lovely beams could once destroy,
Will lift their heads, and weave the song of joy!

Moonlight

IONE OF ATHENS.

BY N. MITCHELL.

THE glory of Greece and her isles was over. The Roman General, Mummius, had long ago despoiled Corinth of her accumulated treasures of art—her paintings, bronzes, and statues chiseled for immortality. The Roman eagle spread his victorious wings on the summit of the Parthenon at Athens; and all Achaia owned the sway of a Pro-Consul from the banks of the Tiber.

The sun had flashed out of the waters of the Ægean, gilding and lighting up each old storied isle till it burned like a ruby in the waves: the early rays darting over the hills of Attica, flooded each temple-top and citadel, from Sunium's solitary shrine to the Acropolis at Athens. The same soft and rich light fell on the silken sails and gilt prow of a Roman trireme, as it pursued its course down the Piræus, towards the open sea. The voyagers had a long distance before them, being bound for the shores of Italy. The vessel, in its appearance, or in familiar language, "its fittings up," displayed all that beauty and luxurious taste which distinguished the days of Tiberius—the most refined, and at the same time, perhaps the most corrupt period of the Roman sway. The deck was covered with carpets of Persian manufacture; the small cabins were surrounded and roofed by mirrors composed of

crystal; couches, which had been invented by the citizens of Sybaris, being stuffed with the softest Iberian wool, appeared in every direction, and even at times pressed by the common seamen. Long crimson streamers floated from the points of the masts, and triangular sails; and incense (amber and cinnamon wood) was continually kept burning on the prow, in order that as the barque glided along, the current of air might diffuse the rich odor over every part of the vessel.

The owner of this trireme was a descendant of the family of the Gracchi, and the captain of an imperial legion. He had been paying a visit to his friend the Pro-Consul of Attica, and was now on his return to the banks of the Tiber.

Clodius was seated on the deck; his javelin lay at his feet, and his richly embroidered toga was thrown carelessly over his left shoulder. One minute he seemed watching the Parthenon at Athens, the white marble walls of which were momentarily fading on his view; and the next, his eye was fixed on the beautiful Greek girl, who was sitting beside him, sad and thoughtful, and yet, like Hope cheating Despondency of her gloom, smiling through her tears.

Egyptian slaves, with lyres in their hands, were stationed on the poop; and, as the sun rose higher over olived hill and promontory, they played and sang soft airs, such as they had learned on the banks of the Nile, substituting only the Roman deities, Minerva, Jove, and Venus, for the gods they had once devoutly worshipped under the names of Isis and Osiris.

Ione, the female introduced above, was a native of

Athens; she was in the first bloom of womanhood, which, in that land where the sun ripens fruits and flowers, and the human frame, more speedily than in our northern clime, may be said to commence at the fourteenth summer. She was a realization of those dreams of ideal beauty shadowed forth in the matchless statues of the old sculptors of Greece; yet Phidias and Praxiteles may have chiseled the exquisitely curved lip, and the high faultless brow, but where is the sunny hair? where the glancing eye? In Ione's face there was warmth, there was passion, which no statue ever possessed; and then the ever varying expression which that countenance exhibited—from mirth to sadness, from the paleness of fear to the radiant smiles of love, changing with every minute, and each charm more bewitching than the last. Oh, talk not of the mimic life of the Parian stone!—and yet, alas! in one point the living Beauty yields to the inanimate marble—the first shines but for an hour; the last, in its cold loveliness, endures for ages!

"Why so thoughtful, Ione?—do you grieve for your cottage at the foot of the Acropolis? I will give you, instead, a palace on the banks of the Tiber. Would you have your father, a nameless soldier, and without power, to protect you? I, the leader of thousands, will be your defender; while more than father or mother, I will cherish and love you. Banish regretful thought, then, and rejoice; the only philosophy of truth is that of your own glorious Epicurus. Let us snatch the winged moments as they fly—the heavens above us are bright; the earth laughs with flowers at our feet; beast and bird are happy—shall

we then alone be sad? Oh! no; life was given us to be enjoyed; the current of our days shall glide away like Pactolus over sands of gold; no tears we will shed but those which fall from the overflowing fountain of rapture; and no sigh we will breathe but Love's."

Such were the words which the highborn and elegant Roman poured into the ear of the young Greek girl. Ione, listening to the moral poison his lips distilled, had been lured away from her humble home. But now that her native land was fading from her sight, a thousand ties, unfelt before, seemed to spring to life, and bind her to its shores. She saw her father, whom she had forsaken, and heard her mother's lamentations. Conscience upbraided her; remorse fixed its stings in her heart; and, bowing down her beautiful head, she hid her face in her robe, and wept aloud.

It was long before the sophistry of Clodius, and the luxurious music breathing from the lyres of the Egyptian slaves, could dissipate Ione's sorrow; but when the Parthenon was seen no more, and Sunium's steep had sunk beneath the waves; when the Isles of the Ægean, strange as beautiful to the untraveled maiden, rose one by one, with their marble shores, and again like radiant visions passed away; when the trireme, stooping to the refreshing breeze, flew over the silvery surge like a joyous bird, and the broad sun looked down laughing over all—then, on the wide waste of waters, feeling, as it were, cut off from all the world beside, and craving protection, and shrinking in her unaccustomed solitude, did Ione creep to the bosom of her patrician lover, and, stifling her sobs, look up into his face with smiles of inexpressible affection.

"Forgive me, dear Clodius; I no longer regret the scenes I leave behind. Bear me whither you will, so you love me, so I find a home here, I shall be happy."

It was in the neighborhood of Tiber, delightful Tiber, that the choice spirits of Rome, in her palmy days were wont to find a retreat from the noise and intrigues of the capital. On the banks of the Anio, or under the shelter of the Sabine hills, the statesman, the orator, and poet, erected their villas. There the wealthy Mecænas entertained his friends, Virgil and Horace; and there Catullus, the Roman Anacreon, wandering amidst the olive groves that covered the Alban Mount, or leaning by the "sounding falls," poured forth his soul in strains of love, which have survived villa and temple, even the names of the classic regions —all, save the immovable hills, the rocks, and tumbling torrent.

Not far from the shrine of the Sybil, that exhibited then no symptom of decay, Clodius occupied a villa which, with the single exception of the imperial seat, out-shone in magnificence all other buildings in the neighborhood. The lofty and ornamented portico was supported by pillars, each shaft of which, from the base to the capital, was formed from one entire block of purest white marble; the floors were paved with the crystal of Antiparos; and from the *atrium* to the smallest apartment, the walls were hung with crimson and purple silks, from the looms of Tyre and distant India. The prospect from the villa was the most enchanting that could be selected in that delightful region. The eye could follow the Anio, as it glided by temple and mausoleum; on the one hand extended the flowery

plains of Latium, and on the other arose the Sabine Mountains, covered with forests; while, in the distance, gleamed the towers of Rome, reposing majestically on her Seven Hills; and beyond appeared, like a chain of silver drawn out beneath earth and sky, the engirdling sea.

The hall of Clodius now echoed with the sounds of mirth, for he was entertaining at a banquet some of the most distinguished men of Rome. The massy gold and silver plate, the decorations of the tables, and the viands and the wines were of the most costly description. Paintings, saved by the Consul Mummius from the general wreck at Corinth, adorned the walls; statues from the ateliers of Praxiteles and Phidias stood on alabaster pedestals; and fountains threw up jets of Damascine rose-water, cooling the air, and diffusing the most delicious odor.

Clodius sat at the head of his board; but as it was contrary to the etiquette of the period for Roman ladies to attend at these *convivia*, Ione was not present; the beautiful Greek was in the *penetrale*, or inner apartment, employed with the distaff, an occupation which kings' daughters did not consider derogatory to their dignity. The Romans in the age of Tiberius, were, as a people, greater epicures, perhaps, than any nation existing before, or that has succeeded them; we may not even except the old French *noblesse*, during the luxurious times of Louis Quatorze, and his successor. But we will not dwell on the description of a banquet, which comprised every delicacy that Roman gold could procure, or gastronomic science invent. Music, wine, flowers, odors, statues, and the soft light from

silver lamps falling over all, produced a scene that might well ravish the senses, and cheat the soul into a belief that she had entered the amaranthine bowers, and caught the music which swells for ever through the porphyry palaces of the Greek Elysium.

Yet here—even here—hate and guile, those serpents that draw their trail over the fairest flowers of earth, had found entrance. Behind a pillar, screened from the gaze of the bacchanalians, and unobserved by the attendant slaves, a man had stationed himself; he surveyed the assembly from beneath his bent brows in scornful silence; yet savage rage was the predominant passion which fired his eye and blanched his cheek. His hand clutched a falchion, which one moment he half drew, and the next returned to its sheath. His costume was that of a foreign mercenary soldier, and his soiled garments and worn sandals, betrayed that he had journeyed far, and on foot. He appeared to view but one individual at that festive board; and now he shook, not through fear or irresolution, but from the excess of passion, which, once roused in the bosom of a native of the South, will sweep, too often, like a lava eruption, over his better feelings and impulses. There was a cry, a wild cry through the hall, and the stranger, with lifted falchion, dashed towards the gay and gallant host; yet the very fury of the assassin defeated his object; his sword passed through the robe of Clodius—he staggered forward, and, ere he could recover himself to repeat the blow, a dozen weapons were at his breast, and he was speedily bound in thongs by the attendant slaves, and dragged from the *atrium*.

"Clodius," said a gay Centurion of the Emperor's Legion, the guests re-seating themselves, as if nothing had happened, "we shall now have a victim for our amphitheatre—criminals have been rather scarce of late—ha! ha!"

"By the Olympian Jove! but the fellow has rare sinews and muscles," exclaimed another; "we must match him with a Dacian gladiator, or a Nubian lion."

The intelligence of the murderous attempt on the life of Clodius, reached the ear of Ione, as she sat with her female companions in the *penetrale;* and hurrying out, in spite of the restriction of Roman forms, she rushed towards the man who had lured her from her happy home, but whom she loved with the devotion and tenderness of a first and only passion. She thanked the gods for their mercy in preserving Clodius; and then the poor girl, under the influence of the feelings which poured torrent-like on her heart, fell on his neck, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

* * * * * * * *

We must transport the reader to a Roman amphitheatre. The passion of the people for gladiatorial exhibitions, and other combats, was on the increase, and spoke less in favor of advancing refinement and civilization, than it evinced a hardening of the public mind. The circular benches, rising tier upon tier, were crowded with spectators; from humble citizen to the quæstor, and from the quæstor to the patrician commander of cohorts and legions, Rome seemed to have poured half her inhabitants into that spot. And not only men, but matrons and their dark-eyed daughters were there, giving by the sheen of their jewels, and more lustrous

beauty, a softened splendor to the magnificent spectacle.

And what had the vast assembly met to witness? A human being who was to strive in mortal combat, not with one of his own species, but with a tiger!

He stood in the arena—that unknown man who had sought to take the life of Clodius. None knew what could have prompted him to the deed, though some conjectured that he was a hired assassin. His punishment was to be converted into a source of morbid pleasure to Rome; he was to be torn to pieces for their sport; and yet one faint gleam of hope was permitted to cheer the victim, otherwise there would be no struggle, and consequently no gratification—if he triumphed over the tiger the criminal would be allowed to live!

In his right hand he held a pugio, or short dagger, and round his left arm, by way of defence against the teeth of the animal, he was permitted to wind a strip of buffalo leather. And thus he appeared in the centre of the arena. His form was erect; his chest was expanded; his eyes wandered for an instant around the immense assembly, and then were fixed on one object—the den whence he expected his antagonist to issue forth. And was the gentle Ione there? She sat by Clodius, but unlike the Roman dames, the fair Greek, although attending at the solicitation of her lover, could not find courage to gaze at the criminal, whose doom was momentarily expected; but she pressed nearer to Clodius, and drew her mantle before her face.

A shout—another, to animate the champion, shook

the amphitheatre; and then ensued the stillness of death, the breathless pause of eagerness and anxiety. The den was opened!—there was a roar and a bound—but the famished monster, as if conscious that he had no contemptible enemy to encounter, paused, and crouched on the ground, preparing for the deadly spring. The stalwart criminal firmly planted his foot on the sand, raised his dagger, and held forward, for defence, his left arm. The human eye has been known to daunt the most formidable and savage beasts of prey; and thus, as the doomed man gazed sternly and unflinchingly on the burning, flashing orbs of the crouching tiger, the animal seemed to quail and cower; yet it was but for a minute; he bounded into the air! the leap measured half the width of the arena, and his descending talons tore through the thin garment of his foe, and opened a deep wound in his side.

The spectators shouted, as much, perhaps, through pleasure at witnessing the flow of human blood, as to give vent to their animal excitement. Woe to the unhappy man! what might save him from destruction?—and none pitied him because he was a stranger, and condemned by the laws of Rome. Yet even to him, friendless, and worn down by misery, life was dear, and he would not resign it without a struggle. As the tiger was preparing to make a second spring, nimble as an antelope, quick as thought, he bounded upon his back; the brute roared and reeled beneath his burden; firmly the criminal wound his left arm around his throat, and in his right hand gleamed the dagger; now was to be the struggle for mastery—for life or death. Round and round the arena plunged the furious beast,

and still the rider relinquished not his hold. He struck with his steel, but the blow not affecting a vital part, only increased the tiger's fury;—the brute tore the ground with his paws, and lashed his sides with his tail;—another stroke—'twas rightly aimed! the heart of the desert savage was pierced—he rose on his hind legs, gave one bellowing roar, and fell on his side—dead!

There was a wild waving of silk mantles and snowy hands; shouts, and again bursts of applause echoed from the marble benches to the roof, and along the pillared galleries. The victor bent on one knee, claiming, in that attitude, the boon of life; and the first to rise and cry, "Let him live!" was he whom the stranger had endeavored to assassinate—the gallant Clodius. Ione, also, now the scene of terror was past, raised her face from the robe, and gazed toward the pardoned culprit. Whom did she behold? whose face was that upturned towards the seat of the patricians?—a shriek, a wild, piercing shriek burst from her lips, and the next moment she sank, without sense or motion, into the arms of the astonished Clodius.

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The sun was setting behind the Etrurian hills; the last rays of crimson light were falling over the rich and quiet valley of the Anio, and gleaming on the tall columns of clustering temples, and resting like a glory over the far off towers of the imperial city of Rome, when, in front of the villa of Clodius, leant the man who had recently combated with the tiger in the amphitheatre; he had been carried thither at the desire of the noble Roman, and yet it was only to die.

The mystery was at an end—all was known. The criminal was a Greek, and that Greek was the father of Ione; and now he was perishing of the wounds he had received, and had obtained no vengeance on the betrayer of his child.

His features were composed; his eye followed the setting sun, and he appeared wrapt in thought. Clodius stood near, supporting the trembling and weeping girl, for the Roman was neither callous of heart, nor rendered selfish by vice.

"Will you forgive us?" said the young patrician; "yet I tell you, Athenian, I only am to blame."

"Forgive us, father!—Oh! did you know what remorse, what sorrow I have suffered, in having forsaken you and my home, you would not withhold your pardon. Yet Clodius is kind; I have not one word of complaint to utter.

The Greek, whatever his thoughts might have been, whether of his distant country, or of the elysium to which he believed his spirit was hastening, roused himself at last from his trance, and gazed on the man whom he considered his mortal enemy.

"Forgive you! a child who has dishonored my name—a man who stole from me her who was once my hope of life? Never! From my daughter I turn my eyes in loathing, and on my enemy I would fix them in hate and in wrath until they close in death. I curse you both!"

Ione sprang forwards, and kneeling before the inexorable man, seized his hand, and covered it with her tears.

"Do not curse us, father! Clodius, at least, does not deserve your curse."

"Have you not disgraced me, who, though a lowly man, have the blood of Aristides in my veins? Are you not the Roman's paramour?"

"Such Ione shall not remain an hour longer!" exclaimed Clodius, advancing; "her heart is as pure, noble and good, as ever beat in a bosom covered by patrician or regal robe. I shall be proud to be permitted to call her my wife."

The Athenian heard the words of Clodius, and, faint and bleeding as he was, he started on his feet.

"Roman, pronounce those words again! Art thou in jest? or dost thou but speak to sooth me in my last moments? Shall I see the tainted flower restored to its purity? the clouded star shine forth again in light? Speak! that I may forgive, that I may bless you both before I die!"

Clodius, deeply affected, unsheathed his sword. Greek, you behold this weapon—no Roman worthy of the name he bore, ever yet made an oath on his sword and violated it. Here, then, on this steel I swear, and call the gods whom we worship to witness, that before yon sun again illumines these heavens, Ione of Athens, if she so consent, shall be made by every solemn ceremony my lawful wife."

The girl hung by the robe of the speaker, looking silently into his face, her bosom swelling with gratitude, as much as her heart overflowed with love. The next moment they turned, hand in hand, towards the dying man. He strained his daughter to his breast, and then, extending his hands over both, as they knelt

before him, beseeched the gods to make them happy, to bless their lot; and thus, as the purple light over the Etrurian mountains grew more faint, and the stars shone forth like torches to guide the released spirit to Elysian spheres, Ione's father breathed his last.

WOULD I WERE WITH THEE!

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WOULD I were with thee! every day and hour
Which now I spend so sadly, far from thee—
Would that my form possessed the magic power
To follow where my heavy heart would be!
Whate'er thy lot—by land or sea—
Would I were with thee—eternally!

Would I were with thee! when, the world forgetting,
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown,—
While bright and red the evening sun is setting,
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone:
While happy dreams thy heart employ—
Would I were with thee—in thy joy!

Would I were with thee! when, no longer feigning
The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh!
Thy young lip pours unheard its sweet complaining,
And tears have quenched the light within thine eye:
When all seems dark and sad below,
Would I were with thee—in thy woe!

Would I were with thee! when the day is breaking,
And when the moon hath lit the lonely sea—
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking:
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me,
In joy or pain, by sea or shore—
Would I were with thee—evermore!

THE YOUNG FIREMAN!

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

"FIRE! Fire! Fire!"

It was deep midnight as this startling cry resounded through the streets of the city. The booming of a dozen bells aroused the inhabitants from their heavy slumbers, and soon the flaring of torches and the rattling of engines told that the watchful guardians of our safety were on the alert. Thrice blessed is that city, which, in the hour of danger, has strong hands and willing hearts, "always ready" to protect and save their property. We have no foe more to be dreaded than the devouring element, and we cannot be too lavish of our attention to that department whose province it is to battle this enemy.

A broad lurid glare lit up the heaven and served as a guide to those in search of the source of alarm. It was found to be a large three story dwelling-house. The building being of wood, by the time a sufficient number of persons had arrived to act in concert, the flames had made such progress that the salvation of the building was impossible. The attention of the firemen, therefore, was directed towards the neighboring buildings. The fire had taken in the cellar, and the lower part of the house was completely enveloped in flames before the family were aroused to their danger. The cry of a child who was nearly suffocated

with smoke, was the first alarm they had. Catching at such articles of clothing as were within their reach, the inmates barely had time to escape from a back window.

They stood in a group, congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, and watching with melancholy interest the destruction of their home, occasionally casting glances around to see if all were there, when a sudden thought seemed to flash at once upon their minds, and a wild exclamation of "Louisa—Louisa is not here!" broke from each lip. As the words passed from mouth to mouth, that there was a person in the house, a groan of horror burst from the assembled multitude. Inevitable death seemed to be her doom. No ingress could be made from the lower part of the house, and from the volumes of smoke that burst from the upper windows, there appeared no chance of escape. Still the awestruck spectators wasted no time. As quick as thought, a dozen ladders were raised, and as many resolute firemen mounted them to the rescue. Window after window was heard to crash, as the intrepid men proceeded in their search. Alas, their attempts were vain—the dense smoke and the flames drove them back, scorched and half suffocated. They were about giving up in despair, resigning the missing one to her fate, when a young fireman from a distant part of the line broke through the dense crowd with the impetuosity of an avalanche, and with breathless haste, flew rather than ran up one of the ladders which reached to the roof. He was observed to have attached to his belt a coil of small rope. Before the astonished firemen had time to warn him of the fruitless-

ness of his attempt and its danger, he had disappeared over the railing which surrounded the roof.

Louisa Wentworth, for whose safety all were now so anxious, was a niece of Mr. Littleton, the owner of the dwelling. She arrived at her uncle's only the afternoon before, on a visit to her cousins. She had been so short a time with them, that in their fright they had forgotten her.

Miss Wentworth was about nineteen years of age—eminently beautiful, and the sole stay of a widowed father. His heart was bound up in his daughter, and it was only at the repeated and urgent solicitations of his nieces that he had consented to part with her (he lived in an adjacent country village) for a short visit. The agony of the Littleton family may be imagined, as they stood tremblingly watching the efforts made to rescue her. They thought no more of the destruction of their property—their hearts were bound up in the peril of their relation and guest. With despair they witnessed the unsuccessful termination of the efforts made to save her, while hope again animated them as they witnessed the desperate attempt of the young fireman. No one could tell who he was. His coming upon them, and his disappearance up the ladder had been so sudden and rapid, no one had time to recognize him. A minute or two of anxious suspense, which to the spectators seemed so many hours, passed by, and there were no signs of his reappearance. As they stood gazing at the roof, a black body of smoke rolled from the upper windows, streaked with flame; and soon, broad sheets of the destroying element shot fiercely up, like fiery tongues lapping the air. A universal shiver ran through the crowd below, and an an-

guished cry of "they're lost—they're lost!" was uttered from many a whitened lip. The ladders were hastily removed, for the fire had seized upon them, and hope had fled from every bosom. At this awful crisis, a hoarse and half smothered voice was heard from the back of the house—there was a general rush to that point. The flames had not reached this part of the building, but heavy wreaths of smoke were curling from all the windows, giving evidence of their fearful proximity. As the wind occasionally blew the smoke aside, the young fireman could be dimly seen, clinging to the railing, making rapid and vehement gestures to those below. Ladders were placed against the building, and men rushed up, groping their way amid the blinding smoke to his assistance. Not observing this demonstration in his favor, the young man was seen to lift, as it were, a dead weight, a body over the railing, and bending fearfully over the roof, to lower it carefully down. The apparent lifeless form of Miss Wentworth was received into the arms of the crowd. Seeing his charge in safety, the young fireman threw himself over the railing, and descended by the same rope, which he had secured around the chimney, with the rapidity of lightning, to the ground. A sudden crackling of timbers—and a loud roaring of the flames, caused a cry that the building was falling. In the agitation of the moment he escaped from the scene, and when the grateful crowd turned to reward him for his bold deed, he was not to be found.

CHAPTER II.

The next day the city rang with the praises of the young fireman. His recklessness of danger, deter-

mined courage, and successful attempt, were the theme of every lip. And still he remained unknown. Diligent inquiry was made, but no trace could be found of him.

In the evening a group of persons was collected in a house in the neighborhood. They consisted of the houseless family—the rescued one, and her father, who had just arrived. They were listening to her account of her escape. She had not yet recovered from the excitement of the scene, and was reclining on a sofa, over which her father bent with a pale face, listening with trembling eagerness to her recital.

"I was roused," said Louisa, "from a deathlike slumber, by the crashing of a window in the back part of the building. It was some time before I collected my senses, to perceive a thick, suffocating smoke in the room. I immediately arose from bed and hastened to the door which led into cousin Mary's chamber. As I opened it, a dense volume of hot smoke drove into my face, which nearly blinded and strangled me. I had presence of mind enough to close the door. Finding my escape cut off in that direction, I rushed to the windows, but owing to my haste and terror, and not understanding the manner of their being fastened, I could not raise them. Filled with despair, I stood for a moment unresolved what to do. An idea darted through my mind, if I could but reach the roof, I might get assistance from those below, as I could plainly distinguish the shouts of the firemen. With this intention, I rushed out of the door which leads into the back entry,—it was like plunging into an oven. The hot air and smoke nearly destroyed respiration, and the crack-

ling of the burning wood with the fierce hissing of the flames, like the sound of an angry serpent at my very heels, overcame me with terror. How I reached the third story, I know not. I was on the point of ascending the garret stairs, when a sudden dizziness seized me—my head reeled violently—I have recollection of grasping the banister,—a draught of suffocating air passed by me. A wild harrowing feeling of despair—of utter hopelessness ;—a thought of home and of you, my dear father—of your desolation—flashed through my mind, and I became insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself in this room, in the arms of my uncle."

"And may Heaven bless the preserver of my child!" said Mr. Wentworth, in a tone of deep feeling, as he pressed his daughter to his bosom.

"Is it not strange that no trace can be found of him?" said Mr. Littleton. "I have made diligent inquiry, but have been unable to get the least clue to him. He was seen to descend the rope, and in the consternation that ensued, he was lost sight of."

"You will oblige me;" added the father of Louisa, stepping to the table and writing on a slip of paper, "by continuing your inquiries, and should you be successful, and he be found one in needy circumstances, you will present this," handing a paper which was an order on his banker for one hundred dollars, "as a trifling recompense for restoring to me a treasure, for which the wealth of the world would be a poor return. And do not fail, sir, in bringing him with you, that I may thank him in person, for his noble and praiseworthy exertions."

In a few days Mr. Wentworth returned home with his daughter, regretting that mysterious concealment which prevented his rewarding the preserver of his child. He however requested Mr. Littleton not to relax in his endeavors to find him out. But a year rolled by, and in despair of bringing the generous unknown to light, Mr. Littleton gave up his search, after questioning, individually, every member of the fire department, and inserting advertisements in the papers of the day, mentioning the reward.

CHAPTER III.

In the village of C——, the place of Mr. Wentworth's residence, Louisa was a general favorite. Though the daughter of the wealthiest man the village could boast, she had a kind look and friendly word for all who were worthy, unfettered by those vain feelings which are too often attendant on those who enjoy the smiles of fortune. Of all aristocrats, your rich family in the village is most unendurable. The father of Louisa had too much good sense to give way to this weakness. He allowed Louisa to choose her own associates, and the daughters of the poor and humble were welcome as heartily to his board as were those who had been born to a better fortune. If he was thus free in permitting her to select companions of her own sex, he was not regardless of the acquaintances she formed with the young men of the place. Deprived of a mother's watchfulness and counsel, her father early instilled into her mind strict notions of propriety. He felt the responsibility that rested upon him, and, perhaps, he guarded her with more care, from forming chance acquaintances with his own sex

than he would have done, had she had a maternal hand to guide her in the path of duty and safety. The obedience and affection of Louisa, amply repaid the care that was bestowed on her. Her father's wishes were her own. From him she imbibed those principles which moulded her character, and to him she looked for instruction and advice.

Two years before our story commenced, there resided in the village a young gentleman who had commenced the study of law, in the office of a distinguished lawyer. Albert Carleton was of humble parentage. He was left early to struggle alone in the world. Gifted with good natural abilities, he devoted himself to study, and by perseverance, had won himself an enviable name. He became early acquainted with Louisa, and from a slight intimacy his feelings towards her ripened into affection. But while he indulged himself in the pleasure of her society, he allowed not a hope to dwell within him of aspiring to her hand. What had he to offer? A poor student—relying upon the uncertain chances of a crowded profession. He knew it would be presumption to allow a hope. Yet it was a long time before he could break away from the spell which her beauty and worth had thrown around him. But Carleton was not one to remain in idle despondency. He knew that to even indulge the hope of winning the prize, he must be well prepared for the race. *He resolved to be something!* In accordance with his resolve, he determined to enter on a larger field of action. He left his native village, and in the office of an eminent jurist in the city, he entered upon his studies. With untiring zeal

he prosecuted them, bending all the powers of a strong mind to the task. The result cannot be doubted. His course of discipline through, he was admitted to the bar, and promised to be its highest ornament. In process of time he visited his native place, not as the needy adventurer, but as the successful competitor for fame and distinction.

His character had always been esteemed by Mr. Wentworth, and he was one of the few who were admitted freely to the hospitality of his house. He was now welcomed with double pleasure, for his good name had preceded him. It was with no small anxiety that he again bent over the shrine of his earlier worship. He knew not whether a more fervent and favored worshipper had preceded him. A slight observation assured him that he had nothing to fear on the source of rivalship. He soon became a constant visiter, and as the reader no doubt surmises, a favored one.

It is not our purpose to detail the progress of that passion which grew out of their intimacy—suffice it that at least in their case, the course of true love *did run smooth*, the Bard of Avon to the contrary notwithstanding. They were betrothed, and in due time they were married. The prayers were said, and the "twain became one." After the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. Wentworth approached the happy pair, with a full heart to bestow his parental blessing. Albert stepped forward to meet him with a glowing face, and taking his hand, said, "Notwithstanding, my dear sir, you have bestowed upon me a priceless gift, for which the devotion of my life will but poorly repay you, I have

still another claim upon you, which I am persuaded you will readily acknowledge"—so saying, he placed into the hands of Mr. Wentworth, who was naturally astonished at his address, a small piece of paper. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Wentworth, as he glanced over the paper. A sudden and delightful flush passed over his countenance, and seizing the hand of Albert, he hastily led him to the wondering bride, and joining their hands, said in a tremulous voice, while a tear glistened in his eye, "My child—Louisa—behold in your husband, your preserver—the *Young Fireman!*" —We will leave the reader to imagine the scene that ensued. The paper was Mr. Wentworth's order on his banker, which he left in the hands of Mr. Littleton.

THE SEA.

From Childe Harold.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer waring bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides:
Or school-boy midshipman, that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skillful urchin guides.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.

Sea view

Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

THE GIRL OF THE CANEBRAKE.

From the Cincinnati (Ohio) Mirror.

During a visit to one of the earliest inhabitants of Kentucky, who resided on the south bank of the north Elkhorn, I was admiring the beautiful situation of a splendid mansion, on the opposite side of the stream, and the fine taste displayed in the gardens and shrubbery around it. There is a wedding there to-day, said my friend; you must go with us; and you will have a treat of the genuine romantic. That place, he continued, presents a very different aspect from that which it did in '79. Except the sloping lawn between the house and the creek, it was then one spacious canebrake: as luxuriant a one as I ever saw. That slope was covered with a variety of shrubs and vines, in the most exuberant profusion. The trees were few, and generally of a prodigious size.

On the spot where that house stands, Hutson, a savage hunter, had a cabin; and through that wild scenery, his daughter Betsy, then about fourteen, used to scamper like a half-naked Indian. Hutson was as morose and surly as a wounded bear; his wife indolent and sluttish; and his son Jim, ten or twelve years old, as snarling as a wildcat. Betsy, in person and disposition, bore no resemblance to the rest of the family. Her form was a model for a young Diana.

Her features had symmetry and beauty. Her eyes were of the finest order of laughing, dancing blue. If her complexion had not been tanned by the sun, and defiled with filth, it would have been transparent. She had a profusion of hair; but it hung in a shaggy, sunburnt mass, over her face and shoulders.

She was as rude, as ragged, and as dirty as the rest;—but she was naturally sprightly and affectionate. Her heart, even from infancy, yearned for social endearments. Not finding them in the family, she would seek for them in a fawn or a squirrel—a bird or a butterfly. As buoyant as the morning breeze—as fleet and as frolicksome as her playmates of the forest—she would explore every scene—swim every stream—climb every precipice—warble the notes of every songster, and still sigh for new enjoyments. When looking from a lofty eminence, over a spacious landscape, her heart would pant for more room in her bosom; and she would wish that she could sail like the eagle, or could ride on the cloud.

Hutson stopped a short time at Bryant's station; but he was too crabbed and quarrelsome to live near any but those he could buffet at pleasure. Betsy, at first, was delighted—running every where, prattling with every body, and peeping into every corner; but she was soon made sensible of her rudeness. She experienced the first emotions of shame. Her first desire for improvement was enkindled. Her case excited commiseration; and some exertions were made to rescue her from her degraded condition.

One day she ran to her mother, dressed in a clean cotton frock, with a sun-bonnet on her head—her face

and hands washed, and her hair partially straightened—and exclaimed with all the exultation of a child, "Polly Wilson gave 'em to me. She says I must keep 'em clean; and so I will." "You'll keep 'em clean?" grumbled Mrs. Hutson, "you dirty trollope you. Who wants her old duds?—a nasty proud hussy—I can't bear her."

"O, she speaks so kind, and looks so pretty. And little Henry—he, like the big boys, called me ragged Bet. But Polly scolded him, and he kissed me, and called me pretty Betty. And Mrs. Wilson says, if I'll wash my face and hands, and comb my hair every day, and wear a bonnet, I will be a very pretty girl."

"Why don't you tell her to mind her own business? If she knew what a lazy, good for nothing slut you are she'd sing another tune. I'm tired of this stuff—I want to get a little sleep."

"And Mr. Wilson read in a book he called the word of God; about Jesus—and how they killed him—and—O, it was so pretty. And he talked to me about my soul, and about God, and about another world, and"—

"What a pack of nonsense."

"It war'nt nonsense, mammy. It was about Heaven and Hell—and where we will go when we die. Mammy, do you know where we will go when we die?"

Mrs. Hutson gave her a shove that nearly threw her down, saying, "go 'long, I tell you, and let me sleep."

Betsy sat down, muttering to herself, "I wish I could read: I wish I was like Polly."

Her rejoicing over her new clothes was of short duration. Jim tied up a rabbit in her bonnet, and threw it among a pack of dogs. It was instantly rent into

fragments. She flew at Jim to beat him; but he plied his claws like a young catamount, and tore her frock in pieces. Hutson seeing the fracas, seized them both, and dashed them in different directions. Betsy fell in a mudhole—as she arose, bedaubed with filth, and her frock hanging in tatters, she saw the eyes of Polly Wilson upon her, and darted away to hide herself. She now despaired of ever appearing like Polly; and that kind girl considered her case as hopeless.

When she came on here, she was again free from restraint; but her sports were less exhilarating than formerly. A vague conception of the eternal things, communicated by Wilson, would steal into her mind, and fill her with wandering; and a visionary anticipation of some day appearing like Polly, would occasionally flash before her imagination, and excite some attention to her person and dress. But the sight of a new flower, or the song of a new bird—the discovery of a deer she might kill, or a panther by which she might be killed, would banish all other thoughts from her mind. But after performing the most daring feats—after regaling in the most enchanting scenery, she would feel lonely and dissatisfied; and sigh for exertions more noble—for enjoyments more exquisite.

In the summer, her father left her to skin a deer, about a quarter of a mile up the creek. She discovered a bear, and followed it with her bow and arrow a considerable distance, until she saw Wilson riding through the open woods. All she had heard him read and say at Bryant's rushed on her mind, turned her thoughts from the bear, and filled her with strange and mysterious musings. Wilson passed out of sight, but

an irrepressible anxiety to hear more on the wonderful subject, induced her to follow him. She came in sight of him again; but how should she address him? what should she say? She stopped—hesitated—felt abashed—and he was again out of sight. She returned slowly, muttering to herself—another world—Heaven—Hell—God—Jesus.

Her father had the deer half skinned. "You idle jade you," cried he, breaking the limb of a tree, and plying it over her shoulders. She began to explain about Wilson, and another world; but he giving her a heavier blow, which started the blood from her naked shoulders, cried, "hold your jaw, and go home and get supper." She obeyed, muttering as she went, "I wish I knew how to do right."

"What kept you so long, you lazy hussy," cried Mrs. Hutson.

"I wanted to hear Mr. Wilson tell about another world."

"Hush your clash, and go and fetch water."

Betsy took the bucket, and sighed as she stepped out at the door, "There may be another world for all."

As she went to the spring, she discovered two Indians, lying concealed in the edge of the canebrake, near enough to the house to see and shoot any person that came in or went out at the door. Her recklessness of danger, which seemed to border on insensibility, prevented her from manifesting any alarm; and her native shrewdness, and a lively recollection of all she had heard of Indian stratagems, enabled her to conjecture in an instant the object of the Indians, and the best means of securing the family. Assuming an

air of indifference, and seeming not to notice the Indians, she tripped to the spring, singing a sprightly tune, and returned with her bucket of water. Without being noticed by her mother, who was trying to get a little sleep, she took a gown and a bonnet of her mother's, and ran to her father. She hastily informed him of the danger, and her plan of dressing him in her mother's clothes. "Then," said she, "they will not know you're a man;—they want to kill you first, and then they will be sure of the rest. And you must put your gun in this hollow stick." Hutson was surprised at her sagacity and affectionate anxiety for his safety; and almost tenderly inquired, "And what will you do?" "I'll get Jim in, and then we'll all be safe. He's at the pheasant's nest."

She glided away like a shadow. "No—he's not there; then he's at the plum tree." Yes, he was in the plum tree; and yonder it stands yet. He was there, and two Indians standing under him, ordering him down. One had his rifle poised, the other held a tomahawk, and Jim was in the act of leaping, or rather falling into their clutches. Betsy, with a noiseless haste, was there also. To her it was a moment of awful thought and frantic action. She uttered a loud scream, and sprang on the back of one of the Indians, calling out, "Run, Jim, run." The Indians were startled—the elevated rifle was discharged in the air—the arm that held the tomahawk was relaxed—Jim reached the ground—gave one leap, and looked back. Betsy's anxious voice urged him on: "Run, run for life—not home—run to Bryant's." He gave another bound and was in the canebrake. She also aimed to spring

away ;—but her arm was held by a gripe that seemed imprinted on the bone. As one Indian held her, the other was starting after Jim. Just as he was leaning forward, she sprang and caught his leg. He plunged and fell; rising up with a look that sent a shivering horror to her heart, he raised his tomahawk. She dropped on her knees, raised her hand that was at liberty, and cried in a tone of piteous supplication, "No kill me—no kill me. Me be good squaw!" The one that held her interposed, and the blow was suspended. Jim was pursued without effect, as night was setting in. The report of the gun brought the Indians from the house; and they all started off, taking Betsy with them.

They had the light of a full moon, and traveled more than half the night. Betsy manifested no apprehension of danger, nor reluctance to go with them. Although her hands were tied, and her shoulders burthened with a heavy pack, she kept pace with the fleetest, in as gay and as gleeful a mood as if going on a party of pleasure. When they had stopped, and laid down to sleep, she was closely pinioned, and placed between two of them.

She was weary, but felt no inclination to sleep. All the events of the evening came into her mind. She felt a proud consciousness of having acted nobly in preserving her family, in the midst of their abusive treatment. She felt emotions superior to self-approbation; emotions that, if she had known the Ruler of the universe, would have flowed from her soul in devout thanksgiving.

The whole transaction connected itself in her mind

with what she had heard from Wilson. Her feelings were enkindled with strange animation; her narrow mind was crowded with vast ideas; something like a thought that God had done it all, struggled for birth in her bosom. But who, or where, was God? were questions over which hung an impenetrable cloud. God was above. Her eye roved from the morning star to the departing moon. The vast expanse enlarged as she gazed upon it. The curtain that had hitherto enveloped the upper regions seemed withdrawn. A glimmering idea of immensity flushed upon her imagination. She felt as if awakening from a dream of wonders, in which all was shapeless and visionary.

Her little stock of knowledge was limited to natural objects: she had scarcely an abstract idea. She thought of God as of a gigantic being, some where up in the blue sky—but now the boundless world in which he resided, seemed as if suddenly thrown open; but all was dark, formless, and bewildering. Her imagination made a mighty effort to grasp the grand images as they flitted before it: but they were too vast, and too shadowy for its feeble powers.

The cords pained her hands, and called her thoughts to her shackled condition. Her hands were slender and flexible; and with the aid of her teeth, she freed them from their fetters; and without changing her position, she fell asleep. After this she was left unbound.

On the farther bank of the Ohio, they fell in with another party of Indians, who had little Henry Wilson a prisoner. He was about five years old, and had been

stolen while at play in the neighborhood of Bryant's. His feet were sadly cut with stones, and his legs torn with briers. "I'll steal him away," thought she.

But a few nights passed before she commenced her operations.

While the Indians slept, she put Henry on board the canoe, together with several Indian packs, skins and blankets; arms, ammunition, and provision, and every article she considered of any service; and paddled down the river until morning.

Henry awoke and learned with joy that they were going home. The wind blew up stream, and rendered the water so rough that she kept near the Kentucky shore.

While busily plying her paddle, several miles below the Big Bone Lick, the mournful cry of "Help, help!" broke upon her ear from the top of the bank. The idea of an Indian decoy flashed into her mind; and she was turning out into the stream, when her ear caught a more piteous exclamation, "O, for a drop of water!" "Well, you shall have it, if all the Indians in the world were there," she immediately said.

She landed a little below, coaxed Henry to stay in the canoe, and crept under the bushes, until she discovered a white man, lying on the ground, covered with blood;—and again heard him feebly articulate, "Water, water." She had a camp-kettle in the canoe, and with that full of water, she allayed his thirst. After he drank he faintly answered a few questions, and fell asleep.

He was a young man of the name of William Benson, who had been exploring the country, preparatory

to the emigration of his father's family He, with some others, had been pursuing a party of Indians, by whom they had been defeated. In their retreat, the evening before, the Indians fired on him, as he was leaping a large log, and broke both his legs. He fell over the log in a cluster of bushes, by which he was so concealed that neither his friends nor enemies perceived his fall. When the Indians disappeared, he contrived, by tearing his clothes for bandages, to set the bones of his legs, and bind them up. But, independently of his weakness from the pain and loss of blood, he was unable to move from the spot. The sound of Betsy's paddle gave notice that some human being was near; and his cries brought her to his relief, at the time when he was perishing of thirst.

Betsy gazed on his pale, interesting countenance, as he slept; then looked around, and took in the whole scope of her danger—looked at him again and sighed, "I won't leave him, any how: he must be hungry, and Henry, too." She struck up a fire, put some meat to roast, and left Henry to mind it, while she examined around for Indians. Se returned with her fears somewhat abated. The Indians had returned up the river by another route. She had gathered some rich clusters of summer grapes; of which, with roast meat, she and Henry made a plentiful breakfast.

When the wounded man awoke, he beheld her kneeling over him, and watching his countenance with the tenderest anxiety. Her eyes sparkled as she saw his open; but he shut his again, and she grew pale. "O yes," faintly murmured he, again looking on her; "you gave the water." "Yes; and I've some roast

meat and grapes." He ate a little, slept, and ate again. She got the blankets and skins she had taken from the Indians, and made him a bed, and placed him in as comfortable a posture as possible, and sheltered him from the wind.

"You are very good," said he, as he witnessed her solicitude to relieve his sufferings. "The Lord has been merciful in sending you."

"Nobody sent me: I was running away from the Indians, with little Henry—his feet and legs were so sore."

"The hand of the Lord was in it. He would not leave me to perish with hunger and thirst; and guided you here, like a ministering angel, to supply my wants."

"Nobody guided me: even Henry was asleep."

"God sits in the heavens, but he regulates the affairs of his children."

"God—! Do you know about God?"

"I hope so. I trust I am one of his—"

"O, you must tell me all about it,—Mr. Wilson told me, but I have forgot it—it's so strange—but not now, you are too weak."

Henry seemed about worn out also. He, as well as the wounded man, slept with occasional intermissions, till next morning. Betsy watched over them until late at night, and then slept also.

Before the first glimmer of the morning star was visible, she was again in motion. By the light of the moon, with her bow and arrow, she killed a turkey, and put part of it in her kettle, to make soup for the stranger's breakfast; and suspended the balance before

the fire to roast. She then ran to the river to see that her canoe was secure. When there, she paused to gaze on the smooth expanse of the Ohio, whose broad stream was to her a source of wonder. Its waveless bosom, on which the moon-beams were sleeping, presented an enchanting image of reposing beauty; reflecting the brightness and the glory of the heavens that were looking down upon it; while the long range of shadowy hills beyond, seemed to stand as giant guardians of the pensive loveliness that slumbered at her feet. She surveyed the whole moonlight scenery with an expansion of thought, that strove to compass grand ideas. Vastness and deity had an indefinable connection in her mind. While glancing from the long wide water, and gloom enshrouded mountains, to the glittering regions above, she thought of God—conceptions suitable to so august a being, struggled for birth in her imagination. She strove to pierce the starry blue, that she might catch a glimpse of the palace in which He reigned. "The stranger can tell me all about him," said she, as a fruitless effort to behold Him, drew a sigh from her bosom.

"The stranger may awake." She turned hastily around; a bush caught and tore off the rags she was just able to fasten around her. She looked at the rent; and, for the first time, thought of the wretched appearance she must have made in the eyes of the stranger. Her cheeks burned with shame; a suffocating pressure crowded on her heart; she took up the fragment —"It can't be mended: what shall I do?" The tears streamed from her eyes.

She recollected having seen something like female

garments in one of the Indian packs, and hastened to examine it. Her heart bounded with joy when she found every article of dress she wanted, and even more; for she now put on the first stockings and shoes she had ever worn. These clothes had been stolen by the Indians in their predatory excursion. She found also a comb, which she applied to her hair, that had never been straightened since she left Bryant's. Then running again to the river, she gave her face and hands a thorough washing. This fortunate supply of clothes, and successful effort to improve her appearance, gave a glow of animation to her face, and a peculiar brightness to her eyes.

When the stranger awoke, and beheld her slender form bending over, and her sparkling countenance beaming upon him, he fancied her the visionary being of a dream; until her voice, naturally soft, but now even tremulous, eagerly inquired how he was. "Thank God," said he, "I feel much refreshed. How much I am indebted to your kindness, my dear young friend! What shall I call you?

"Betsy—Betsy Hutson."

"Well, Betsy, call me William. My name is William Benson." He then detailed the circumstances that brought him into his present condition, saying in the conclusion, "I should have perished in a very short time but for your timely assistance. Your coming is like a dream. How did it happen that you were here?" She related the story of her captivity and escape. "You are a perfect heroine," said he, pressing her hand in his: "and can you venture your life and little Henry's, in such a wilderness as this, for a poor

wounded man like me? It may be a long time before I can get from here, if I should live."

"I would stay here forever, if it were necessary, rather than you should suffer; and Henry will stay, too. Won't you my dear boy?"—"I would like to go home," said Henry. "And leave this sick man to die?" "O, no; when he gets well." "That's my dear Henry," patting his cheek; "yes, we will all go then. But, William, I have got some soup; you must be hungry; cannot I raise you up while you eat?"

Supported in her arms, he ate, as he said, a delicious breakfast, with humble expressions of gratitude to her, and his heavenly Benefactor. After they had all eaten, he gratified her panting anxiety with an outline of the character and attributes of the Most High; and with a short history of his works. She listened with wonder. When he ceased she inquired, with the simplicity of a child, "Who told you about it?"

"I read it in his word." She sighed, "I wish I could read." "I will teach you. I have the new testament with me." "I can read a little," said Henry; "I will show you some."

"With the blessing of the Lord," said William, "you may soon learn. Will you and Henry kneel down, and let us pray for his blessing."

This was the first prayer she had ever heard. The solemn tone of humble confidence in which William poured out his soul in thanksgiving and supplication, impressed her with the idea that God was near and listening. A feeling of awe crept over her frame. When he ceased, she trembled at the thought of raising her eyes, expecting to see that mysterious Being

she had thought of with so much wonder. When sufficiently composed to look around, she turned her eyes on William with an expression of disappointment, saying, in a tremulous whisper, "Where is God? I thought he was here." "He is, my dear Betsy: but he is a spirit," replied he. And proceeded to explain the nature of God, and the manner in which he manifested his presence.

A distant peal of thunder interrupted the conversation, and convinced Betsy of the necessity of a better shelter for her patient. She put forth all her activity, and with the assistance of Henry, soon raised a frame of forks and poles, and covered it with green cane, so as to turn off an ordinary shower. Then standing up cane on every side, made a comfortable tent. And in a similar manner she formed a small apartment for herself. She also constructed a rude stone lamp to give them light at night.

As the rain delayed, she left Henry with William, and crept through the forests to examine for Indians, and to gather fruit.

She returned shortly, and William ate the fruit with all the thankfulness she anticipated. After a long conversation on eternal things, closed by a solemn prayer, he sang a hymn. She had an ear, a voice, and a soul for music. While he sang she was in an ecstacy. When he ceased, she begun to hum the tune; and when he had repeated the words, she was able to mingle her mellow voice with his in singing them. When he awoke in the night he heard her, in a low voice of exquisite melody, chanting the heavenly anthem.

All he had seen of this wild flower of the wilderness—her fearlessness—her simplicity—her sympathetic tenderness for information—awakened his curiosity and interested his feelings. These delicious strains now threw a witchery over her other attractions, completely veiled her rudeness and ignorance, and gave her a place in his heart, as the loveliest of women. He felt that if his life was spared, it should be devoted to her happiness.

The next morning she commenced the task of learning to read; and made flattering progress. After a day of rain, the evening sun looked from behind a cloud in a blaze of glory; painting a splendid bow on an eastern cloud. William explained the nature of the brilliant arch; and how her eyes sparkled with delight, as she hailed the new-born ideas!

The chattering of a squirrel was heard. "That chap," said he, "would make excellent soup." She replied, "you shall have it in a minute." But it had disappeared. "I can find another;" but she was disappointed and distressed even to tears. She recalled something William had said about praying for whatever she wanted; and fell on her knees to pray that she might kill a squirrel. The whirring drum of a pheasant suppressed the half-formed petition. "That will do better." She hastened through the brake—sent forth her arrow, and saw the bird fall. A devout emotion of gratitude swelled her heart; and with an action as sudden as the impulse, she dropped on her knees, and exclaimed, "Thank God:" then springing up, she returned joyfully to the tent.

In the night a black cloud overspread the heavens;

the lightning flashed—and a tree was shivered that stood close by. She heard the splinters falling around the tent. She attempted to pray, but could find no words. It was a long time before she even turned to look up. When she again looked out, the cloud had passed, and she discovered no sign that God was frowning upon her. Partially soothed, she arose and walked slowly to the river bank. A spacious view of the river and accompanying hills, lighted up by the moon and a thousand stars, opened unexpectedly before her. Her enthusiastic imagination took wing, and soared above the brilliant scenery to seek the palace of the Almighty. Adoring emotions filled her heart, and she sunk on her knees to address his glorious Majesty. Her motion awoke the fearful whiz of a rattlesnake. It sent a sickening chill to her heart. At a single bound she was out of danger; but she looked back at the venomous reptile, with a sensation of horror. It was a considerable time before she collected resolution to kill the snake, and when that was done, the buoyancy of her feelings could not be recalled. A foreboding of evil hung upon her mind.

She proceeded to the river, and performed her customary ablutions. Never was a city belle more anxious to screen her face from the sun, to have a clear, smooth complexion; and a glossy flowing suit of hair, than she :—and such was her success, that her ardent desire to look like Polly Wilson, seemed in a fair way to be gratified.

The moon was fading away in the middle of her circuit; the stars, one by one, had glided from the eye; a clear twilight presented brighter heavens, and

a lovelier earth; but the dark shadows still hovered over her imagination. She related all her fears, and all her feelings, to William, and listened with eagerness while he repeated the promises of the gospel.

Day after day, and week after week, she was William's tender nurse and delighted pupil. His wounds healed slowly; but his pupil made astonishing progress. Never were lessons more impressively given; never crowned with more gratifying success. She was in a new world, and the instructions she received operated like magic on her mind and person, and transformed her into a new being. While he was trembling with anxiety on account of her dangerous, desolate condition, she was one of the happiest creatures in existence. She had but slight fears of Indians. She had no anxieties that wandered to the home of her father. Her food and lodging were equal to what they had ever been, and her clothing superior. Absorbed in her present enjoyment, she thought but little of the future. While it was her delight to sooth his pains—to support him in her arms—to pillow his head on her bosom—to hang with eager gaze on his lips and eyes for instruction—to pour the richest, sweetest strains of music on his ear—she was as unconscious as an infant, of the powerful emotions that reveled in his heart.

After having been detained three months in this lonely scene of dangers, they made preparations to depart in the morning.

In the evening she ascended a neighboring hill to send an exploring glance through the surrounding forests. The ravages of autumn had swept away much

of the mountain verdure; and a more extensive range of the river and its towering hills, was open to her view. It was a grand prospect. A blue mist, like a curtain, suspended from the sky, hung over the hills, growing deeper and darker in the increasing distance, until it enveloped the remotest summits in the descended heavens. Far in the east, from under this shadowy curtain, as if emerging from some mysterious region, glided the broad Ohio;—and, spreading its smooth and spacious bosom along the extensive landscape, threw an air of loveliness over all the grandeur above and beyond. Her vivid imagination, which always connected the grand on earth with the glorious in Heaven, was filled with vast and towering images. Her hands were involuntarily raised, and she stood in the attitude of wondering adoration. The next minute the scene was awfully changed: her gaze was fixed and paralyzed. She saw several Indians crossing the river in a canoe, about a mile below. Her hands fell: her frame shuddered. She waited until she saw them land, and then flew with the alarming intelligence to William.

Immediate departure was now the only thought. Never were the quick, springy movements of Betsy fully displayed before. William and Henry, and their most important articles, were on board. Twilight was veiling the forests, and smiling on their enterprise. She had her last bundle in her arms; she sprang with it out of the tent, and was in the arms of an Indian!—she uttered a shriek more piercing than the yell of the savage that held her, or the exulting shout of his companions.

William, in helpless agony, heard and saw it all. He saw her beloved hand waving to him, to make his escape. The Indians discovered the motion of her hand, and rushed towards the river. He presented his gun; they treed and fired, but left him and Henry untouched. As soon as she perceived this movement of the Indians, she called out to Henry to push off the canoe; he obeyed. It was caught by a strong current, and before the Indians could re-load their rifles, was enveloped in darkness.

There were five Indians. They immediately conducted her to their encampment about a mile up the river. She had William's testament in her pocket, which, to her great joy, they permitted her to retain.

Late in the night another canoe arrived with three Indians, and she discovered that they were all preparing for some dark and deadly enterprise.

She was confined, and pretended to sleep; yet she marked with dreadful apprehension, the whetting of tomahawks and scalping knives for deeds of blood. She saw them extinguish their fires, and get on board their canoes; and trembled at the thought that their object might be to pursue William and Henry. She contrived to extricate herself from the fetters, and crept after them, to see at least what course they steered.

She discovered a boat descending the river, and they were preparing to attack it. Day was dawning, but a heavy fog suddenly arose which gave a darkness drearier than midnight. Favored by the gloom, she crept to the water's edge; and as the canoes glided from the shore, she slid into the water, and got hold of

the canoe that held five Indians. The canoes parted, to attack the boat on both sides at once.

No sound was heard from the boat; all on board were asleep. They were unconscious of the tremendous storm that was ready to burst upon them. She resolved to make a desperate effort to rescue them from destruction, and by that means obtain their protection.—Her feelings were wrought up to an unwonted energy; and she trusted with enthusiastic confidence in the aid of an Almighty arm.

The canoe glided along side of the boat, and she moved along the opposite side of the canoe. As the Indians were rising to leap into the boat, she uttered a loud scream of "fire, fire," and by a violent jerk upset the canoe. The Indians were plunged headlong into the river, and in a great measure disqualified from assisting their companions. The boat's crew were aroused, and made a successful defence, without sustaining any injury. Betsy took shelter under the bows of the boat, until the conflict was over;—and while the crew were lost in wonder about the voice that awoke them, she made known her situation, and was received into the boat, as their heroic preserver. The whole company, consisting of men, women and children, crowded around her to learn the particulars of her extraordinary achievement. After she had gratified their curiosity, she was taken by an interesting young woman, that was called Susan, and dressed in a neat suit of dry clothes, and then conducted back, where the company were preparing to take their breakfast. Scarcely was she seated, before she started up, exclaiming, "where is my testament?" "Your testa-

ment?" "Yes, it was in my pocket." Her wet clothes were examined, and the testament found. It was enveloped in a case of skin, but the water had penetrated into it. "I fear it is ruined." "I hope not," replied Susan, opening the cover. "If it is you shall have another. What's this? William Benson! Why this is William's—where did you get it?"

The name of William Benson attracted the whole company, and several inquiries were made at once. She distinctly heard but one which was made by a woman who appeared to be the mother of Susan, and who eagerly asked, "what do you know of William Benson? He is my son. We feared he was dead."

A new train of ideas crowded the mind of Betsy—she had saved the family of William, and was almost frantic with joy. Her eyes glanced quickly from face to face, and she repeated, "your son!" "Yes." "And you are his father?" "Yes. Tell us, is he living?" "He was last night." "Where, with the Indians?" "No—going down the river. He was nearly well." "What had been the matter with him?" "He was wounded by the Indians, and left in the woods. I discovered him, and stayed with him until he was able to stand and walk a little, and then put him in a canoe, to go to the falls."

"O then we shall see him," cried Susan.

"You are his sister?" "Yes." "And here," continued Betsy, putting her hand on the head of Thomas Benson, "is his little brother. And here's another little charmer that looks like him," clasping and kissing little Jane Benson. She raised her face, flushed with highly excited feelings, to answer a question of

Mr. Benson. "Did William go alone?" "Little Henry Wilson was with him." "Why did you not go?" "The Indians caught me."

Surprised into a communication concerning herself, that she did not intend making, she was startled and confused. Mrs. Benson clasped her in her arms, saying, "my dear child, you have saved us all. Be composed, and tell us all about it." Betsy, in a hurried irregular manner, ran over the particulars of her late adventures; and drank bewildering draughts of grateful applause, from her wondering and delighted auditors. But nothing affected her so bewitchingly, as the joyful countenance of little Thomas, whose features were a copy of William's; and whose expressive eyes were riveted upon her as she spoke; and when she concluded, he observed "you were very good to brother William." Strangely flurried and animated, she threw her arms around the lovely lad, and imprinted a kiss upon his lips, saying, "you are your brother William's own brother." "And you," he replied, smiling and blushing, "shall be my own sister." A thousand bright images, that had been floating loosely in her imagination, were embodied by that simple expression, and found a point in her heart around which they centred. A flush of crimson was visible on her cheeks.

They arrived at the falls, but William had not been there. After several months, they learned that he had been discovered by some of his friends at the mouth of the Kentucky, and conducted up that river. Henry had been taken home. As soon as William recovered, not knowing of the arrival of his father's family, he

started to Virginia to seek them. Years passed, but they heard nothing more of him.

Betsy continued in the family. Her inclinations to return home, at present, were not very strong, and the Bensons were resolved not to part with her. With the use of a small but select library, and under the superintendence of Mrs. Benson, her mind became stored with intelligence, and she became as expert and ingenious in domestic employments, as she had formerly been in her romantic exercises. Her taste in dress and gracefulness of manner, became objects of imitation;—while the sweetness of her disposition, the ardor of her affections, and the pure religion of her heart and life, elicited the good will of all. Yet she delighted to ramble in the wildest woods, and react the gambols of her earlier years, to the astonishment of her young companions. The place of her residence here, and her propensity to explore the recesses of every canebrake, gave her the appellation of *the girl of the canebrake.*

After three years residence in Louisville, Benson removed his family about ten miles up the Ohio; where Betsy's romantic disposition had ample gratification. Extending from the house towards the hills, there was a broad plain, gradually rising and narrowing until it terminated in a point, called the mount, on the brink of a ravine. This ravine was formed by a small stream of water descending from the hills. At the mount it made a sudden turn, and curving around the plain, terminated at the ravine, a little below the house. This plain, partially covered with small trees and a variety of shrubbery, was the favorite ramble of

Betsy and Susan in the spring of '83. In the beginning of summer a dark cloud overshadowed their enjoyments.

Susan was under a long protracted matrimonial engagement, with a worthy young man of the name of Hogan. He was religiously inclined, and devoted much of his time to Betsy, for the sake of religious instruction. Susan became infected with jealousy, and communicated a tinge of her feelings to her mother. They both treated Betsy with great coldness. She began to think that God was angry with her, for neglecting her own family: and resolved to seek an opportunity to return home.

Hogan and Susan had some words of altercation. He left the house abruptly. Several days had elapsed, and he had not returned.—Neither Susan nor her mother would speak to Betsy. This was more than her warm and affectionate heart could bear. She resolved to seek a reconciliation, and return home immediately. She found Mrs. Benson alone, and in attempting to address her, received a withering frown. She sighed in bitterness, and falling at her feet, exclaimed, "My mother, my more than mother, what have I done?"—"You know well enough," said Mrs. Benson, and left the room. Little Jane ran in with out-spread arms, saying, "I love you Betsy." "Yes, I know you do," she cried, clasping and kissing the child; and hastening to the door: "and Thomas too," she sighed, hugging him to her throbbing heart; and then flew from the house to hide the gush of emotion that was rushing to her eyes.

The was seated in a bower of vines, once a favorite

resort of hers, with the testament of her beloved and lamented William in her hand: Susan came to the entrance, looked in, and whirled away as if she had seen a viper. Betsy sighed, "I have lost all my friends." "I will never leave nor forsake you," flashed into her memory, as if spoken from Heaven. "No, thou never wilt, unworthy as I am," sighed she, looking devoutly upwards, "blessed be thy name!"

Stepping out of the bower, she saw Benson enter the house, and thought of imparting her sorrows to him; but, turning her eyes, she saw Susan ascending the mount, and beheld a number of Indians creeping through the bushes in that direction. Susan's ungenerous conduct was forgotten. Her form, mangled by the tomahawk and scalping knife, and her soul entering eternity, were the only images in Betsy's imagination. But what was to be done? The Indians were between Susan and the house; to have alarmed her, would have brought her directly among them. And aid from the house, if it had been there, would come too late. Yet Betsy resolved at all hazard, to arrest the dreadful blow. Thought flashed on thought in rapid succession: her plan, as far as it was then formed, was the work of an instant.

Thrusting her testament into her pocket, she bounded away after a little bird, that flitted playfully before her, until she attracted the notice of the Indians, and saw them shrink under the bushes. She then skipped away to a flowering shrub—plucked off a blossom, and swinging it round and round in her hand, ran in the apparent frolick of a child to the mount.

Susan turned her eyes on her with a scowl, as if to

bid her to begone. Betsy was not to be disconcerted by ill treatment. Throwing something of the momentous importance of her errand into her countenance, she said, in startling earnestness, "Susan, be yourself for a moment, or you'll never see your mother." Susan was alarmed; her lips were quivering for an exclamation. Betsy put her finger on her lips, whispering, "Neither speak nor look around; the Indians are just behind us. Leap down that bank, and run down the ravine to the house—haste, or you are lost for ever!"

Susan slid down the bank. As she started to run, she looked up, expecting Betsy to follow. But Betsy knew that if they both suddenly disappeared from the mount, they would be intercepted in their flight by the Indians—she shook her head, and Susan ran on.

About the time that Betsy started on this perilous adventure, William, who had long been a prisoner among the Indians, arrived at the house, accompanied by Hogan. After greeting those of the family he saw, and giving a hasty account of his captivity, he looked around for a dearer object, inquiring, "Where are the girls?" Mrs. Benson, whose unpleasant feelings towards Betsy and Hogan were not suppressed by her joy on account of her son's arrival, sneeringly replied, "Mr. Hogan can tell you where one of them is. He seems to be acquainted with all her secret rambles."

"Yes," said Hogan, "I believe I am. I have been dependent on her for all my spiritual enjoyments." "And temporal too," retorted Mrs. Benson. Hogan replied: "Mrs. Benson, I understand you. I have; but not in the way you would insinuate. You wrong

that precious girl. All her earthly predilections, in life or death, are there," pointing to William. "It is owing to her entreaties, and her tears, that I have returned to see your daughter again." "Then," said Mrs. Benson, "she has been wronged indeed."

A report of fire-arms drew them to the door, when Susan—her clothes muddy and torn, and her hair streaming in the wind—rushed up the banks of the ravine, in wild agitation, exclaiming, "Betsy is killed—did'nt you hear the guns—Oh, God! I have murdered her!" Frantic and breathless she fell into the arms of her mother.

A sudden flash of light was seen in a neighboring thicket, and a shower of balls rained around the door, followed by a yell, and a rush of Indians, with uplifted tomahawks. The door was closed, barely in time to prevent their entrance. No dangerous wounds were inflicted, and a discharge of fire-arms from the house, compelled the Indians to retreat to the thicket.

Night came on—a night of agonizing apprehension for Betsy. When Susan learned the extent of Betsy's generous interference with Hogan in her behalf, she was perfectly delirious; and the feelings of all became so intolerable, that Hogan ventured out at midnight, notwithstanding the supposition that the Indians still lurked around the house, and went to Louisville for assistance to enable them to learn the fate of Betsy, and to rescue her from the Indians if she had been taken prisoner.

He returned early in the morning with a company of men, and they proceeded to the fatal mount. Susan could not be dissuaded from going with them; she

said she would go to the world's end to render Betsy any assistance.

No appearance of blood or violence was on the mount. A hickory bush had been pulled, and they supposed Betsy had been taken prisoner, and confined with the bark.

"No, she went down here," cried Susan, sliding, or rather leaping, from the top to the bottom of the bank. "Here is her track—I know it," said she to William, who was instantly at her side. "And here—and here—O, she will get away"—and the tears of joy gushed from her eyes.

A little farther on was the track of the Indians, descending to the ravine.

"The horses were just there," said Susan, "she has rode off. She could ride without saddle or bridle. I have seen her do it in play. She pulled the bark for a bridle. She could make a bridle in half a minute."

The tracks of the horses were seen at the place, and continued up the ravine. The track of Betsy could be traced no farther; but the tracks of the Indians were still visible. Near the summit of the hill, one of the horses had separated from the others, and the Indians had followed that one.

"She went here," cried Susan, snatching a bit of muslin from a thorn bush; she compared it with her own handkerchief, "yes, this was her's. She will outgo the Indians. O, I will be so happy."

To shorten a long story, about ten days afterwards, William arrived at the house of Mr. Wilson, on the Kentucky river, and surprised this wild girl, sitting by the side of Polly; whom she now rivalled in neatness,

and far surpassed in loveliness; with the dear little Henry, (who was reading the long cherished testament,) folded in her arms.

William and this girl of the canebrake are now living in yon superb mansion—and—we must go, for yonder comes that identical Henry to marry their oldest daughter.

STANZAS.

From the Charleston Mercury.

WHAT do we live for? is't to be
  The sport of fortune's power?
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea
  And float perhaps an hour?
To waste our time in idle dreams
  Of what may be to-morrow,
To glean with care from present scenes
  The source of future sorrow?

What do we live for? is't to find
  The ties of friendship broken,
That love's a sound to cheat mankind
  And dies as soon as spoken?
To mark the woes on others hurled
  Nor weep their hapless lot?
To hate our fellows—curse the world—
  To die and be forgot?

No! we were formed to seek for truth
  Through paths made plain by reason;
To hail that light in earliest youth
  Which shines in every season.
Yes! we were made to win below,
  The boon hereafter given;
To calmly smile at earthly woe,
  And find our home in HEAVEN.

LEGEND OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

On the declaration of war with Russia, made by the Turks in 1786, Baron Bulhakoff, the Russian Minister, despite his representation that the imprisonment of the Muscovite ambassadors on such occasions had been abolished by treaty, was, nevertheless, sent to the Seven Towers by order of Codza Youssof Pasha, the grand vizier, with the assurance that treaties were very good things in time of peace, but mere waste paper in time of war. The discomfited ambassador was treated with great civility, and was even permitted to select such members of the legation as he desired should bear him company during his captivity; strict orders being given to the commandant of the castle to accede to every request of his prisoner which did not tend to compromise his safety; and upon his complaining of the accommodations of the tower, he was moreover permitted to erect a kiosk on the walls of the fortress, whence he had a magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora and its glittering islands, and to construct a spacious and handsome apartment within the tower itself.

The commandant was lodged beneath the same roof as his prisoner. He had an only daughter, so young and so lovely that she might have taken her stand be-

tween the two houri who wait at the portal of Paradise to beckon the faithful across its threshold, without seeming less beautiful than they. Fifteen springs had with their delicate breathings, opened the petals of the roses since the birth of Rechedi Hanoum, and she had far outbloomed the brightest blossoms of the fairest of seasons. Her voice, when it was poured forth in song, came through the lattices of her casement like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the waters of the still sea—when you looked upon a rose, and when you listened, you seemed to listen to the nightingale.

Rechedi Hanoum had never yet poured the scented sherbet in the garden of flowers. Her young heart was as free as the breeze that came to her brow from the blue bosom of the Propontis; and when she heard that a Muscovite Giaour was about to become an inmate of the Tower, she only trembled, for she knew that he was an enemy of her country.

Terror was, however, soon succeeded by curiosity. Only a few weeks after the compulsory domestication of the ambassador at the Seven Towers, his kiosk was completed, and from her closed casements the young Hanoum could see all that passed in the vast apartment of the prisoner.

Her first glance at the dreadful infidel was transient; but soon she took another, and a longer look, and curiosity was, in its turn, succeeded by sympathy. The Russian prisoner was the handsomest man on whom her eyes had ever rested, and it was not thus that she had pictured to herself the dreaded Muscovite. He was unhappy, too; for in his solitary moments he paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps, like

one who is grappling with some painful memory,—and at times sat sadly, with his head pillowed on his hand, and his fingers wreathed amid the wavy hair which encircled his brow, looking so mournful, and above all, so fascinating, that the fair Rechedi at last began to weep as she clung to her lattice, with her gaze riveted upon him; and to find more happiness in those tears than in all the simple pleasures that had hitherto formed the charm of her existence.

Little did the young Hanoum suspect that she loved the Giaour. She never dreamed of passion; but, with all the generous anxiety of innocence, unconscious that a warmer feeling than that of mere pity urged her to the effort, she began to muse upon the means of diminishing the irksomeness of a captivity which she was incapable of terminating. The first, the most natural impulse, led her to sweep her hands across the cords of her zebeck; and, as she remarked the start of agreeable surprise with which the sound was greeted by the courtly prisoner, her young heart bounded with joy, and the wild song gushed forth with a sweetness which chained the attention of the captive, and afforded to the delighted girl the opportunity of a long, long look, that more than repaid her for her minstrelsy.

During the evening, she watched to ascertain whether a repetition of her song would be expected—and she did not watch in vain; for more than once the Russian noble leaned from his casement, and seemed to listen; but he came not there alone; one of his companions in captivity was beside him; and Rechedi Hanoum, although she guessed not wherefore, had suddenly become jealous of her minstrelsy, and would not exhibit it before a third person.

On the morrow, an equally graceful and equally successful effort wiled the prisoner a time from his sorrows. A cluster of roses, woven together with a tress of bright dark hair, was flung from the casement of the young beauty, at a moment when the back of the stranger was turned towards her. It fell at his feet, and was secured and pressed to his lips with a respectful courtesy, that quickened the pulse of the donor; but not a glimpse of the fair girl accompanied the gift; and it seemed as though the Baron had suspected wherefore, for ere long he was alone in his apartment; and when he had dismissed his attendants, he once more advanced to the windows, and glanced anxiously toward the jealous lattices by which it was overlooked.

There was a slight motion perceptible behind the screen; a white hand waved a greeting; and the imprisoned noble bent forward to obtain a nearer view of its fair owner. For a moment Rechedi Hanoum stood motionless, terrified at the excess of her own temerity; but there was a more powerful feeling at heart than fear; and in the next she forced away her prison bars for an instant, and with the tell-tale hand pressed upon her bosom, stood revealed to her enraptured neighbor.

From that day the beauty allowed herself to betray to the captive her interest in his sorrows—she did more: she admitted that she shared them; and ere long there was not an hour throughout the day in which the thoughts of Rechedi Hanoum were not dwelling on the handsome prisoner.

Thus were things situated for two long years, when the death of the reigning sultan, at the termination of that period, induced the ambassadors of England and

France to demand from his successor, Selim the Third, the liberty of the Russian minister. The request was refused, for the war was not yet terminated; and the new sovereign required no better pretext for disregarding the representations of the European ambassadors, than the continuation of hostilities between the two countries. But Selim had other and more secret reasons for thus peremptorily negativing their prayer; and it will be seen in the suite, that they did not arise from personal dislike to the captive Muscovite.

Like Haroun Alrashid, of Arabian memory, the new sultan, during the first weeks of his reign, amused himself by nocturnal wanderings about the streets in the city in disguise, attended by the subsequently famous Hussein, his first and favorite body-page; and, immediately that he had refused compliance with the demand of the ambassadors, he resolved upon paying an *incognito* visit to his prisoner at the Seven Towers. As soon as twilight had fallen, like a mantle, over the golden glories of Stamboul, he accordingly set forth, and having discovered himself to the commandant, and enjoined him to secrecy, he entered the ante-chamber of the baron, where he found one of the suite, to whom he expressed his desire to have an interview with the captive ambassador.

The individual to whom the sultan had addressed himself recognized him at once: but, without betraying that he did so, contented himself with expressing his regret that he was unable to comply with the request of his visiter, the orders of the sultan being peremptory that the baron should hold no intercourse with any one beyond the walls of the fortress.

On receiving this answer, Selim replied, gaily, that the sultan need never be informed of the circumstance; and that, being a near relation of the commandant, and having obtained his permission to have a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner, he trusted that he should not encounter any obstacle, either on the part of the baron himself, or on that of his friends.

The dragoman, with affected reluctance, quitted the room, to ascertain, as he asserted, the determination of his excellency, but, in reality, to inform him of the imperial masquerade; and in five minutes more, the disguised sultan and his favorite were ushered into the apartment of the ambassador.

After some inconsequent conversation, Selim inquired how the baron had contrived to divert the weary hours of his captivity; and was answered, that he had endeavored to lighten them by books, and by gazing out upon the Sea of Marmora from his kiosk.—Bulhakoff sighed as he made the reply, and remembered how much more they had been brightened by the affection of the fair Rechedi Hanoum; and he almost felt as though he were an ingrate, that he did not add her smiles and her solicitude to the list of his prison's blessings.

"The same volume and the kiosk cannot please forever," said the sultan with a smile; "and you would not, doubtless, be sorry to exchange your books for the conversation of your fellow-men, nor your view of the blue Propontis for one more novel. A prison is but a prison at the best, even though you may be locked up with all the courtesy in the world. But your captivity is not likely to endure much longer. Sheki-

our Allah!—Praise be to God!—I am intimately acquainted with the sultan's favorite; and I know that had not the meddling ministers of England and France sought to drive the new sovereign into an act of justice, which he had resolved to perform from inclination, you would have been, ere this, at liberty. Do not, therefore, be induced, to lend yourself or your countenance to any intrigue that they may make to liberate you, and which will only tend to exasperate his highness; but wait patiently for another month, and at its expiration you will be set free, and restored to your country.

"I trust that you may prove a true prophet," said the baron; and his visiters shortly afterwards departed.

The days wore on; the month was almost at an end, and yet the captive noble had never ventured to breathe to the fair girl who loved him, the probability of his liberation. He shrank from the task almost with trembling, for he felt that even to him the parting would be a bitter one; even to him, although he was about to recover liberty, and country and friends. What, then, would it be to her—to his "caged bird," as he often fondly called her, who knew no joy save in his presence—no liberty save that of loving him? As the twilight fell sadly over the sea, and the tall trees of the prison garden grew dark and gloomy in the sinking light, he remembered how ardently they had both watched for that still hour, soon to be one of tenfold bitterness to the forsaken Rechedi Hanoum; and there were moments in which he almost wished that she had never loved him.

But the hour of trial came at last. Selim had re-

deemed his word, and Bulhakoff was free. His companions in captivity would fain have quitted the fortress within the hour; but the liberated prisoner lingered. He gave no reason for his delay; he simply announced his resolution not to quit the tower until the morrow; and then shut himself into his chamber, and passed there some of the most bitter hours of his captivity.

Once more twilight lay long upon the waters; the time of the tryst was come; the last which the beautiful young Hanoum was ever to keep with her lover. She had long forgotten the possibility of his liberation; and when she stole from her chamber to the shadow of the tall cypresses that had so often witnessed their meeting, her heart bounded like her step. But no fond smile welcomed her coming—no reproach, more dear than praise, murmured against her tardiness. Bulhakoff was leaning his head against the tree beside which he stood, and the young beauty had clasped within her own, the chill and listless hand that hung at her side, ere, with a painful start, he awakened from his reverie.

The interview was short; but brief as was its duration, it had taught the wretched girl that for her there was no future, save one of misery. She *could* not weep, for the drops of anguish would have dimmed the image of him whom she loved, and was about to lose. She made no reply to the withering tidings he had brought, for what had words to do with such a grief as hers? She was like one who dreamt a fearful dream; and when she turned away to regain her chamber, she walked with a firm step, for her heart was broken; and she had nothing now left to do, but to veil from

her lover the extent of her own anguish, lest she should add to the bitterness of his.

The morrow came. The baron turned a long, soul-centred look toward the lattice of his young love, and quitted her forever; and, ere many weeks were spent, the same group of cypresses which had overshadowed the trysting place of Rechedi Hanoum, bloomed above her grave.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?"
"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy lov'd mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest!"

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers,
Does Summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and of song?"
"Yes, there flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addrest,
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me."

"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days,
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends."
"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."

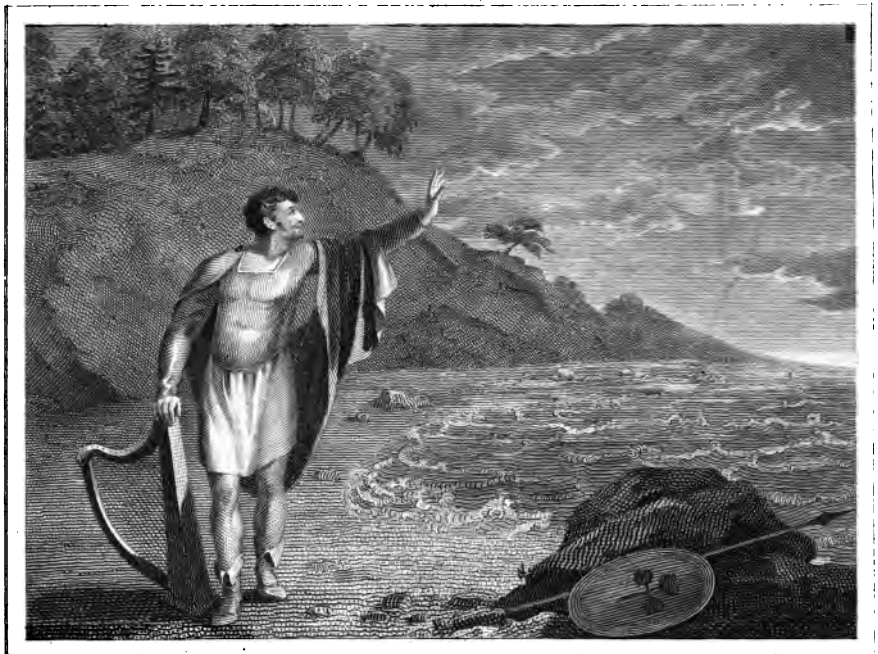
"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy,
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not, the God whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

MOORE.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.



Inv.t R. Smith del. *Peter Maverick sc.t*

Dear Harp of my country!

THE HISTORY OF PEROUROU,

OR THE BELLOWS MENDER.

[Supposed to be related by himself.]

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

My history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married, rich and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness.

I was born in one of those little hamlets, situated in the neighborhood of Montelimart, in France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age, arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth; that of a bellows mender. This, though not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined, at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied at first, in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with dispositions for industry, and I soon rivaled, and even excelled my master. Ambition led me to imagine that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere; and some

of my excursions, as far as the gates of Montelimart, succeeded beyond my wishes.

After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city, amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession; and the most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. I was young and dexterous, and well shaped: I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favorite with the chamber-maids; which was the utmost of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served for a ware-house as well as lodging, I was accosted by four well dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which I answered in a style of railery at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other rather significantly; and immediately after I heard them say—"This is our man!" I own that these words made me start; finding myself alone, in the dark, without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me! was the reflection that occupied my mind; when one of them, who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability—"Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons gave to their bellows-menders)—"Perourou," said he, "You probably have not

supped; nor we either; our supper is ready, will you sup with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us; and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen; if you will not enter into our schemes, we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spake to me, as well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honor of making the company laugh, by some of my arch observations: and confirmed them in the good opinion, with which it was necessary they should be impressed, before they would come to an explanation. The servant withdrew, after having placed the dessert on the table; and, during five minutes, a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words: "The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers; our joint profits with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence; and we also acquire by our talents, a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we have enjoyed has lately been disturbed by love on one side and pride

on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture merchant, who is, himself, an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another master-piece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect; and that defect is insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerable good connoisseur in paintings, but has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with marks of opulence or the distinctions of rank. I had the honor—for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history I am relating—I had the honor of engaging her notice, from my connexions in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball or attending her to the theatre. These slight favors turned my brain; I thought myself beloved, because I was preferred to others; and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favorable ear to my offers.

"Indeed my family, profession, fortune and situation, gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my

surprise, when on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance—"Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

"I confess that this insolent and imprudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom; and love when fled is easily followed by revenge.—"My friends," I exclaimed to those around us, "this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her, that she has not, indeed, been born to the honor of becoming the wife of an engraver!"

"Such is my history: do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disdisguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common share of understanding. Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman; who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"—"Yes," answered I, with firmness; "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and will fulfill it in such a manner that you will have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week, I bathed two hours, morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the most elegant hair-dresser of

Lyons gave my tresses the form most in fashion.—My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work that we became inseparable. Almost the whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write; another some notions of drawing; a few lessons in music; a little, in short, of every thing. So that during three months, my time, thoughts and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies; and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste—I felt the utmost ardor to carry to perfection these first rudiments of my new education, which has become my chief delight; nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive, that my young friends observed with astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their project into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet, to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperon, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture merchant as a purchaser who paid but little attention to a few louis, provided he met pieces that were originals. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learned to twirl my seals, display my repeating-watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an ele-

gant snuff-box on which was painted a fancy portrait, which I modestly observed was a picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing and easily succeeded. But it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome; requesting me to call that morning; since he would not expose them for sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received as usual, by the father, it was the daughter, whom till then I had in vain wished to see; or rather, it was beauty itself which stood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes: I soon forgot my borrowed part: one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! All difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom. A single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture merchant; every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a boquet composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty: my friends often added the sonnet or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit: and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine, with the expression of tender approbation. Six months passed in this manner; the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge, to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture merchant to a fête which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty loaded me with such distinguished attentions, was so lovely, so enchanting—whether as mistress of the fête or its brightest ornament—that the moment we were alone, impelled by emotions which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity; while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart! Yes—I discovered that I was beloved!

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with re-

spect to fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story which I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar; but he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased, from the interest which his son had already taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt with secret complacency on the words—without portions; alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of another. Before the end of this conversation, we perfectly agreed; for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any exposure and unnecessary eclat, as both the family of Aurora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

Having with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora, I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments, that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed that they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge on Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent, in my name, to my mistress, the most magnificent bequest; a watch, bracelet, jewels, laces of

exquisite fineness, forming a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of the father and daughter. Towards the end of the week, the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name; a precaution which, you will perceive hereafter, was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favor, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her; but Heaven is my witness, it was not without remorse! In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself; and when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their bon-ton, the kind of dependence in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with regard to the future. But in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me! When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her, who deserved a palace, lodged under the thatched roof of my aged father; I shrunk back with horror, or started up, covered with a cold sweat. More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime, and cover myself with the infamy, which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with

some rays of hope the gloom of the future. "The unhappiness of Aurora," said I to myself, "will be but transient: love will soften its bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire for revenge. She will, she shall be happy in despite of them!—They will leave me some money and the means of procuring more by industry—I should be a wretch indeed if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path! When she learns who I am, her resentment will no doubt at first be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid! love will supply the place of riches!"

Such were my reflections, during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame; I had never had so near a view of villainy. I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief, while the silly crowd who surrounded us, mistook this last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived! I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantments for a fortnight. Excess of love for awhile banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe, which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with the implacable enemies

of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey to our native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of traveling by my side, in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by her servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging, at once, her pride, and her love; ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy. The obligations I had entered into were laid before me. We began our journey.

Two of my friends served me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora pushed his impudence so far as to offer himself to me as coachman. It is true, that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaster fixed on his right eye, so disguised him that even his friends did not recognize him; three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage, as lacqueys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party, by making the travelers promise to write to them when we should stop to rest ourselves; and this we did frequently, traveling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful; inquiring the name of

my chateau, the extent of my estates, and of my seigniorial rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which to her lively apprehension were at least equal to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations; when three leagues beyond Montelimart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine; and after three hours long and difficult traveling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold taking the air. In this old man I discovered my father!—No, my friend, I have no color with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side, the haughty Aurora on the other; and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter; and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining on their vengeance, and her mortification! Figure to yourself the pretended coachman, taking off suddenly his plaster and his wig, *tutoying* Aurora with an air of superiority—"No, madam," said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A bellows-mender is worthy of you; and such is he, madam, whom you have taken for your husband!"

I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat; the five others then threw themselves into the coach choaked almost with laughter, and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved! My engravers, while they taught me my part, kept their own secret. They carried off every thing with them like the scene-shifters of the theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora, she saw nothing of this. Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard or felt! The ruffians left her in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation! Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction that I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas! in these cruel moments I trembled at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah! my friends, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses—her frenzied eye met mine—"Monster," she exclaimed; and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators, (composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches) and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw, with which a compassionate neighbor strewed the flock-bed of my old father.

When she had again recovered the use of her senses, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarrassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes and fixed them on me: Mine shrunk from her glance! The first use she made of speech was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the dreadful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew, leaving with her the niece of the Cure of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed! Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village, which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession of only a few louis; while my adored wife, in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute as well as share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man; respectable indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence, and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated!—What would become of her? In what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings? Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh, no! I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own! I had indeed no reverse of fortune to

undergo; I who was born to wretchedness, and nurtured to want; yet my agonized heart, but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel in a sad catalogue of human evils; I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness; to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence; to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended—I recollected, with distraction, that it must be my doom, not merely to support indifference! but aversion! I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred; to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse. Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered?

Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish! Had not I, wretch that I was! planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps she would find refuge from me in the grave! Perhaps her last breath would curse me: or if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy? Would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach; more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a hell of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rain, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory; my attentions were received with gratitude; I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be permitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it, under different pretences, when the door opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands bathed it in my tears. She looked at my humiliating posture for some time in silence: then raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanish—

"You have deceived me," said she; "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart; if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. Mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her father's house—I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties. You may visit me there whenever you please. We will concert together the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and providing for our future support. Rely on my honor for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding creature—a kind word from the woman we love, is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with reproaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented, and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture! Could I have imagined that after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

One morning—it was the eighth after our arrival in this village—I was awakened, after having passed a happy night soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters which he had just received for me. The hand writing of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends in Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they, "and, after taking exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just we should remember the friendship with which your talents and conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class among which you were born, and we now offer you, with the most heart-felt pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments; without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burthensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora; and we had each made the sacri-

fice of a thousand crowns to carry our plans into execution. You have not expended a third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M—, a notary well known in our city; who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Aurora: we have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form an undertaking, command the credit, the friendship and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I, joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished; I shall be able to provide for Aurora." The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself—"Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, plead in your favor; and induce me to inform you, that at the moment you receive this letter, I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honorable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of me your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Au-

rora; to detain and force her to pay obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband; the next, I felt most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved. The project, also, was impracticable! Aurora had already departed several hours: I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked thither on foot; either would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure, I interrogated severally the Cure and his niece with respect to their knowledge of my wife's escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were as I have since discovered, the primary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded on me when I reached Lyons. Where commence my researches? How come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the Asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father in the first transports of his indignation against a criminal seducer of his daughter? How could I wander from one convent to another, without the risk of being suspected, from the nature of my inquiries and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon where I might be plunged for having acted so abominable a part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my engraving friends, who all advised me to remain quiet and wait peaceably, till the procedure for breaking the

marriage became the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels to forbear inquiries alike dangerous and useless; and to take measures for improving my fortune, too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers in Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations, which, if it had not succeeded, would have placed me where I had set out; but which, by splendid success, increased more than three-fold my capital.

While my commercial speculations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address, on her part, in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the back ground; while my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted peremptorily, that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his

protectors and friends:—and every thing threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment, but no smile can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still brightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence, that the tears of the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation.

That emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction; when the engraver who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the Judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history, in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honored me. He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null

and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned through the assembly: when turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice—"No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destines you to become the mother of his child! Listen to the powerful cry of your infant, yet unborn; and then say if you desire to become free, while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?" "No, no!" exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No! No!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name; alleging, also, that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorise the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; an injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have any right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail, more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian.—Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent; crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice she had just made.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during

the decision of which, I was little at my ease. Obliged to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to hide among the crowd—no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a person in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavored to laugh at the rest, but was horribly abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora, were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population I could more easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There the poor bellows-mender, with his hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends in Lyons, established a commercial house which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was during five years the favorite of fortune; and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at one of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy convict gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking houses of that great city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly that the desire of yielding to their solicitation, together with

the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons, with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were at this time borrowed. Fortune had so successfully labored for me during five years that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognized me: you may therefore imagine it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintance. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial which had interested the city of Lyons five years before—and terminating my questions by inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family—I learned that her father had lately died; that losses on one hand, and ostentation on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed that Aurora, at his decease, found herself almost without resource, and in some measure dependent on the benevolence of the Abbess of the convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that although whenever Aurora appeared, she was still the object of general applause, she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotions. During five years residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamor-

ed of Aurora, the ardor of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me a right of reclaiming her I loved, had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favor of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom—The image of Aurora—of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored—again occupied every thought of my soul—again throbbed in every pulse! I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth, which she should refuse to share. I felt, that she was necessary to my existence; and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms!—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life? Never to know those parental transports which though I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite! I could bear these cruel reflections no longer; I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my orders, assembled her father's creditors, and discharged all his debts; purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture, to which long habit associated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora, was a man generally esteemed. It struck me that I might choose him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue. I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the Rhone. I requested an interview in the most solitary walks of his grounds,

and having obtained his promise of most inviolable secrecy—"You have hitherto," said I, "seen your friend, a merchant, who still young, owes to his talents and his probity, an affluent and honorable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value. I had deceived my mistress; let me no longer impose upon my friend. You have spoken to me of Aurora in a manner the most favorable; you know half of her history; hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance." At this unexpected declaration, my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read in his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind. "I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study—the generosity of my employers, and fortune, have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons, but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The Abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honors me with a certain degree of friendship; it is not late; we are near Lyons; let us order horses, and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora herself, the points which seem to you, at present, so embarrassing." I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was

now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze on Aurora and my child!

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name; and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris. We were admitted. Ah! what a picture presented itself to my view, Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable Abbess. A lovely child slept on her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honored with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house of Paris, those circumstances, together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjecture at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations; spoke of my speedy departure for Paris: mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital; and requested to know if the Abbess had any orders with which to honor me.

Whilst this conversation passed, the infant awoke, and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both with a kind of hesitation he advanced towards me. Oh! my friend, represent to yourself my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the in-

nocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me eagerly seize him in my arms; and throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife, "Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed, "your child, your child, claims from you a father!—will you suffer affection to be vanquished by pride?" While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by emotion, Aurora quivered; seemed ready to faint; and fixed her eyes alternately on me and on her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his father. At length a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine—"Pardon, pardon," I exclaimed. Aurora's only answer was, to throw herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours." She pressed me against her palpitating heart; we were unable, for a long time to speak. Our uncontrollable emotion, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, and the place itself, every thing served to add to our delirium.

"My children," said the Abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, "you have both performed your duty! Monsieur is too much affected to be a knave. Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of a foolish pride. May the marriage which you solemnly renew, in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue." These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensation. I related my

history in its full extent without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feeling of my remorse. I failed not to remark, with transport, that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine while I spoke of my projects of tenderness! though she testified neither pleasure or pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. That part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts; and my attention to her feelings in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.

My friends celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a fete. Near the pavilion stood a house delightfully situated; and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word, which involuntarily escaped Aurora, discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name; and twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity. I found myself beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderness!

One happy year had elapsed, when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkling with joy—"My friend," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your

wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house, at Lyons. No objection! This very morning I am going to set off with my son—I want to teach him how a son ought to do his father the honors of his house."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned when I found my Aurora under arms; she was still in all the splendor of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than accustomed elegance. Dinner was announced: and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment decorated by the Graces. Guess who were the guests she had assembled? My ten engravers themselves! My first friends, the authors of my fortunes—of my marriage. No! I cannot paint my emotion! During the repast the gayety of Aurora animated all the guests with delight and admiration. After the dessert she led us to an apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "O Enchantress!" exclaimed my friends as well as myself. The first picture represented the village scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman engraver. Underneath was written—"*Love conquered by Pride.*" The second picture represented the scene of the present day. My ten friends at table, Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written—"*Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here, sir, finishes my history; at least my adven-

tures. My present happiness I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children; and requested that the first of them should have for his god-father the engraver whose hand she refused. This inestimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is singular in this affair is, that my son is of the same opinion.

THE GLEANER.

BY MISS POWER.

From the London Keepsake.

MIDNIGHT had tolled from the church-tower of the quiet little hamlet of Ashley; all around was silent as the lowly graves that clustered about the old, gothic, ivy-clad church itself, whose dark shadow swallowed up in obscurity half the tombs on one side, while those on the other lay bathed in a flood of light, that the yellow harvest moon poured down upon them, making each humble name, each simple inscription of love and piety graved on the headstones, legible as at noon. From the latticed window of a small cottage that stood in the midst of its little garden, somewhat apart from the other houses of the village, the light—the only one visible—gleamed brightly; and now and then the casement opened gently, and a female head might be seen stretched forth with an expectant and somewhat anxious air; at length the sound of a footstep struck upon the ear of the watcher, and in a few seconds there appeared the figure of a man wrapt in a large cloak, and bearing some burden in his arms. The woman hastily closed the lattice and met the stranger at the door, which she carefully closed as soon as he had entered.

"Is your husband at home, Mary?" he inquired.

"No, sir," she replied; "he heard that the poachers were likely to be about the new plantation to-night, so he went with the blood-hound to watch for them."

"Then to your care," said the stranger, "I confide this charge;" and, as he spoke, he threw off his cloak and laid a new-born infant in the woman's arms. "I know," he continued, "that you will tend it fondly and carefully—that you will, indeed, be a second mother to it; but remember," he added emphatically, "remember, no word, no hint, must ever escape either you or your husband, as to how this child came to your care. You will tell your neighbors, as we have already agreed, that it is the orphan of your cousin who died at Winchester. You will rear it, in every particular, as if it were your own; and on the first day of each month you will receive a sum more than sufficient to defray whatever expense it may entail upon you: but, however, I have arranged all that with your husband. You will have the child christened Ellen, and it will of course bear the surname of your cousin. Now farewell—one kiss for the poor little stranger, who will, I am sure, never feel the want of a mother while under your care."

"That it never shall, sir!" replied the young woman, earnestly; and even were it not for your sake, Mr. Edward, I should love it tenderly, because it comes to supply the place of my poor little Willy;" and, as she spoke, she fondly pressed the slumbering infant to her breast.

Satisfied with this assurance, the young man threw his cloak around him, and departed.

"God bless him!" said Mary, as the door closed

after the visiter; "a finer or a better lad never broke bread. But this is a strange business. I suppose the child must be his; but who can the mother be?—Ah, I warrant," she continued, looking at the fine cambric wrapper of the infant, "that none but gentle blood flows in its veins. Poor little one! many a tear has that mother shed over you this night, *I* know: it must have been a hard necessity that forced her to part with you almost as soon as she became possessed of you; but God knows that however she may miss you, you shall never miss her while I live!" and, as the young woman fondly kissed her little nursling, she felt half consoled for the loss of her own infant, which had died a short time previously.

Mary Graham had lived, from the age of sixteen, as nursery-maid in the family of Sir Edward Harrington, the proprietor of Ashley Park. Her good looks, good temper, and good conduct, had gained her the favor of all the household; and when, at twenty-three, she had left her situation to marry the head game-keeper of Sir Edward, her master had given the young couple the prettiest and most comfortable cottage in the village, which, with a considerable portion of the surrounding country, belonged to him. Since her marriage, which had occurred about two years previous to the commencement of our tale, her kind patrons had ever continued their protection and good will towards her. Seldom did a day pass by without some of the younger members of the family finding their way to Mary's cottage. Her husband, too, was in high favor; and deep consultations were often held between him and the elder sons of Sir Edward, upon the important

points of rearing dogs, making artificial flies, &c., in all of which subjects he was deeply learned.

Sir Edward Harrington had many excellent qualities: he was generous, sincere, kind, and considerate, to his inferiors and dependents; a fond and indulgent husband and father, and a firm and true friend; but his pride was extreme, his enmities deep and lasting; in proportion to his attachment to those he loved, was his aversion to those he hated; and though not prone to take offence, yet, when once aggrieved, he never forgave the offender. At college he had had a violent quarrel with a young man named Vane, who had been his schoolfellow and friend, and whose family seat adjoined that of Sir Edward's father; from that time the two young men had never spoken, and though, when in after years each succeeded to his paternal estate, Mr. Vane (on whose side the quarrel had commenced) made some attempts at reconciliation, the haughty and implacable spirit of his former friend rendered him deaf to all such overtures; and he, in his turn, being disgusted at this obstinacy, the breach became wider than ever.

Sir Edward's family consisted of five children, three sons and two daughters. Charles, the eldest, had completed his twenty-third year, and Edward was just of age; the other children, the offspring of a second marriage, were considerably younger.

Mr. Vane had but one child, a daughter, verging on that lovely age, eighteen, whose mother had died in giving her birth. Accustomed from her childhood to the most perfect liberty, Laura Vane was necessarily a little spoiled, and had no idea that her will was ever

likely to be disputed by her doting father; not that she was disposed to try the point, for she was tenderly attached to him; and, naturally good-tempered and affectionate, though high-spirited, she was ever fond and gentle to her father.

On the occasion of a royal birth-day, a grand subscription-ball took place at the county town, some few miles from the estates of Sir Edward Harrington and Mr. Vane, at which both families appeared. It was Laura's first ball, and radiant with joy and delight, she certainly looked very lovely; all eyes were directed to her, as, with the step of a sylph, she moved through the crowd of dancers. Among the most earnest of the gazers was Charles Harrington: he had heard of the beautiful heiress, and had seen her as a child, but as no intercourse had ever taken place between even the younger members of the two families, she was a perfect stranger to him. But love and youth despise the variances of hate and age; and, to shorten our tale, the two young people, somehow or other, struck up an acquaintance, and fell desperately in love: then came interference on the part of the parents, angry altercations, tears, &c.; in a word, the course of their true love ran as crooked as it was possible for it to run;—and thus matters continued for upwards of a year, when Laura, while staying at the house of a friend, was taken dangerously ill, and, in spite of all that could be done to save her, expired within two days of the first attack. Charles Harrington left England on the death of the object of his affections, and after a few years his family lost all traces of him; and the unhappy Vane, almost broken-hearted by the loss of

his only child, gradually pined away in his lonely wretchedness, and died not many months after his daughter.

Ten years flew by, and considerable changes had taken place at Ashley. Sir Edward had been dead some months, his second son had got an appointment in India, Charles was still abroad, no one knew where, and Lady Harrington and her younger daughter (the elder being married, and her son at college,) were the only occupants of the once gay and hospitable mansion. Graham, the husband of our old friend Mary, had fallen into ill-health, and was no longer able to perform his duty as game-keeper. While Sir Edward was alive, he had allowed this faithful servant a comfortable maintenance; but since his death this had been withdrawn; and though Lady Harrington and her daughter assisted them most kindly, they were no longer in the same flourishing circumstances as formerly. The sum for the support of little Ellen had for the first three or four years been punctually remitted, but since then had never been received, so that she was now, instead of being a means of support, a burden to them: but as such they never for a moment considered her; she was indeed to them as a dearly beloved and cherished daughter; and her sweet and gentle disposition, her warm heart, and fair and intelligent face, rendered her a fit object of love and interest, not only to her adopted parents, but to the inhabitants of the village, who had ever a kind word or a simple gift for the little, quiet and somewhat shy child, whose gentle manners and fair face made them almost unconsciously feel that she was superior to the children around her.

In harvest time, little Ellen would go forth to the fields to glean, and somewhat apart from her young companions, pursue her task, singing to herself, in a soft undertone, some of the ballads Mary Graham had been wont to sing to her in her early childhood. Many a handful of corn was dropped in her path by the kind-hearted reapers, so that, like Ruth, her gleanings ever far exceeded those of her juvenile neighbors.

One day, having collected a rich harvest of wheat, and being moreover laden with a can of new milk, which the wife of the farmer to whom the field belonged had given her to take home, our little heroine, somewhat fatigued by the heat and the weight of her burden, sat down on a rustic bench close to the lane which led to her home. The song of the birds, the distant voices of the reapers, the murmur of the honey-bee, all the sounds of summer were wafted to her ear; the balmy breeze waved her rich hair, the sunshine lay on all around, wild flowers peeped up from the bank, and the child fell into a happy trance, which was only broken by the sound of a strange voice, inquiring if John Graham still lived in the cottage by the church. Our little dreamer was broad awake in a moment; and, with a deep blush and a courtesy, replied in the affirmative, adding, that she lived there too, and offering to show the way to the gentleman, (for such the stranger evidently was.)

"What!" he exclaimed, "you live there?—What is your name?—Is it Ellen Grey?" and upon receiving an affirmative from the astonished child, he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and, mid smiles and tears, called her his child!

And now, at last, was Mary Graham informed as to the parentage of her nursling: Charles, now Sir Charles Harrington, was the father of the little Ellen, and Laura Vane the mother. Finding that there was no hope of gaining the consent of their parents to their union, they had entered into a private marriage, of which the only witnesses were Edward Harrington and a Mrs. Ellerton, a young widow, who, though a few years older than Laura, had been for years her only friend and confidante; who had been present at Ellen's birth, and who closed the eyes of the ill-fated young mother.

Sir Charles Harrington never entered into a second marriage, so that our little gleaner is now one of the richest heiresses, perhaps, in England, being already in possession of the Vane estate, which she holds in right of her mother, and also entitled to the reversion of Ashley Park, with all lands, tenements, &c., thereunto belonging. John and Mary Graham, though falling into the sere and yellow leaf, are "as happy as the day is long,"—never weary of chanting the praises of "their child, Miss Ellen," such being the titles by which they connect their parental feelings, and their respect; and looking forward eagerly to the time when their cares may be employed by a *grand-child, Lady* Ellen,—which, *entre nous*, gentle reader, may not be very far off, as there is a certain Lord Al——, but it is not fair to tell a secret that has been confided to us.

Uncle Edward has made a splendid fortune in India, and is coming home to find a wife to help him to spend it in England; for myself I doubt not that he will succeed.

A REMINISCENCE.

From the Athenæum.

"I RETURNED to the place of my birth, and I said, The friends of my youth! where are they? And echo answered—Where are they?"

The moon had nearly climbed the highest hill that overlooks the York valley, and shone with a pale but beautiful lustre upon the town of my nativity—its steeples rose up glittering before me, and bathed themselves in her silvery beams, which poured softly upon the earth, and went back to the spangled blue of heaven, that seemed waiting in silent beauty, without a cloud, to receive them. I rode towards my former home a solitary traveler, musing upon my loneliness, and at times forgetting that I had earthly concerns, to gaze and admire the scenery around me: I thought in my heart,

> "That the scene was more beautiful far to my eyes
> Than if day with its light had arrived."

The suns of seven summers had arisen and set upon the world, since I had seen the spot upon which my infant eyes first met the light, and though I can distinctly remember, yet I cannot describe the feelings of my bosom when in that hour of solitude I drew near to the place. As an exile who had been banished from the home of his infancy, till the frost of years

had whitened his head, would return to the place and people of his love, so did I come up to the home I hallowed as being the place that first gave me to the world. Since I had become a wanderer upon the world's wide stage, I had been nurtured in the school of suffering, and could have borne the last pang affliction sends with stoical firmness; aye, I could have faced death without a murmur or a wish to live longer; but the sight of my birth-place, where in the revelry of youthful enjoyment I had spent my boyish pastime—it wrung my soul with deepest agony, and I wept bitterly. Memory, the weary heart's prime minister of wo, was busy in that hour, and mirrored in my imagination the deep suffering that marked the passage of an eventful history of seven years.

My horse was tired, and I was weary, and I carelessly sat upon his back and suffered him to pursue his way at leisure, while I indulged to the full in the melancholy reflections which crowded fast upon me; thus we were heedlessly proceeding when the horse stumbled as if by instinct, and aroused me from my reverie. I looked up, and found that we were directly opposite the old frame building in which my father and mother were married, and in which their only son, the repentant prodigal who had returned too late to make them happy ere they died, first "breathed the vital air." That house and little farm attached was now a part of my earthly possessions—it was tenantless and had almost fallen to the ground. At a neighboring house I procured a light, and resolved before the dawn, which was fast approaching, to tread the floors where my infant feet had prattled, and where I

had played in childhood. Desolation had left his mark on every apartment: the one in which I had always slept when at home seemed to have decayed faster than the other parts; the corner in which my bedstead stood for years, now contained a brood of bats, and a huge owl screamed as she flew through the broken window. Distressing and severe were the feelings that threw their darkening and cheerless influence about my heart in contemplating the gloom that surrounded me, and contrasting it with the peaceful home I had left, and parents from whom sin had separated me. Oh, I remember well, and remember in agony, the hour when I left that home: my parents followed me to the door, and my father gave his last farewell with tearful eyes. Since then, they had been both carried to the last resting place of mortality,—the grave where they slumbered in peace.

How well do I remember the day I left them! it was in the broad blaze of a summer's mid-day sun; they both followed me to the door, and the last words of each, now burn upon my aching head. "Take care of evil company," was the last injunction of my father, and it has followed me until this moment, and the "Yes, my dear Charles," responded by my mother, are upon my memory with all the force and interest and freshness with which she uttered them. I thrust my head through the broken window, the pale moon looked down from heaven upon my woes. "Like a parent queen in cloudless majesty she unveiled her peerless lights." Her beams in the distance fell upon the little inclosure, where I knew slept in the peace of death all that my heart held dear; yes, all—my

father—my mother: my great God, how like a light, even in the darkest hour, destiny brings upon the unfortunate, do the memories of saintlike purity flash upon the weary heart,—they sooth the soul to tears! The thoughts came upon me like a bright ray from the better land, with a voice which said, "there yet is happiness." Yes, Eliza too was with them; O that last smile which came among her tears as she sighed her last adieu! Would to heaven I could blot ingratitude from the catalogue of crimes, that in dust and ashes I repent of!

I left the old house, and went to the grave-yard: as I entered its solemn shades, I involuntarily exclaimed, The friends of my youth! where are they? Echo audibly answered, Where are they? I started at the sound, for I never before had visited the habitation of death at night—and alone. I think I should have trembled with continual fear had I been among the graves of strangers; I cannot tell why, but there is a dread of them, which I do not feel where my dear friends were laid. My parents slept beside each other; the rank grass grew thick upon their graves; at a little distance the earth pressed upon the bosom of Eliza Harlome. I loved her as I loved my own heart, and but for the demon Dissipation, might have been happy as her husband. The grass grew upon her grave as upon a fertile soil, and seemed to say to man, "How proud the worm will feast upon thy mortality, how luxuriant shall be the soil that shall wrap thy dust!" Some kind hand had planted a rose tree near Eliza's headstone. One pale white blossom still trembled upon its stem; the cool winds of autumn had almost robbed it

of its bloom, but there it clung close to the bosom of the innocence it embalmed. I thought of Campbell's lines—

> "Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
> That remains of this desolate heart."

I knelt before the plain white tablet that told whose form was wasting beneath, and as I read the name of Eliza Harlome, a cold shudder started at my heart and hurried through my system. I felt for my pulse, for I thought the hand of death was on me—I prayed it might be so. How willingly in that hour would I have sunk beneath the turf which pressed upon the form of all I loved on earth. I have not a relative in the wide world, all are dead that loved me, and I am alone—emphatically alone. Morning broke upon the beautiful valley, and found me a prostrate weeper in the place of graves. The sexton came with his spade upon his shoulder to dig another grave, it was for Eliza's mother. She, too, sleeps in that lonely place. I am still a wanderer, and perhaps will remain one until the stern messenger shall summon me to death. Then shall my time-worn spirit give up its prison house and join the happy spirits of those I have loved! —in the better land where death's chill hand can never reach and the weary shall be at rest forever.

THE POINTED FINGER AND WORD OF WARNING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Having made a candid avowal of my predilection for old women, I may appear inconsistent when I protest that I have always made a jest of their superstition. An old woman's story, particularly if it had a ghost in it, was from my very boyhood received by me with a laugh or with a sneer. But this is no proof that my love for old women is insincere. Are we not all too apt to trifle with the weakness of those most dear to us?

This incredulity of mine was not, however, calculated to awaken in my elderly idols a reciprocity of attachment; and there was one old woman in particular, who evidently disliked my irreverent laugh, and yet seemed determined to win me over to the full enjoyment of the pleasures of her imagination.

And most imaginative was she—assigning to every old mansion its spectre, to every corner-cupboard its midnight visitant. She could give the most elaborate version of all old stories; and while she narrated the mysterious and supernatural, she would glance with indignation at him who ventured to trace her stories to the excited nerves of individuals, or indeed to any other natural cause.

She lived in a habitation most congenial to her tem-

perament—an old Elizabethan mansion forming three sides of a quadrangle, with a large, lofty, shadowy hall, very long passages, tapestried chambers, and surrounded by a moat. In this house I have spent some of the happiest days of my life; and it was in my boyhood, during the long winter evenings of my holydays, that I first listened to, and laughed at, the wonderful stories of old Mrs. Sally Douce.

Though Sally was a very important personage at Maltby hall, the reader is not to suppose that she was the lady of the mansion. My host was Sir Charles Maltby, a young baronet of three-and-twenty, and my hostess, his beautiful bride, was in her nineteenth year. In the schoolboy days to which I have alluded, I had been the guest of old persons—the father and mother of my friend Sir Charles, then a schoolboy like myself—but the venerable pair now reposed in peace under the family pew in the neighboring church, and Charles, my former playfellow, being now a baronet and a married man, invariably gave me a hospitable reception.

Mrs. Sally Douce had been housekeeper at Maltby hall for fifty years; and having been born in a cottage on the estate, she considered herself, and really seemed to be considered by my friends one of the family. Charles used to be her greatest pet. While I laughed outright at her most marvellous narratives, he laughed only in his sleeve; and when I was affronting the venerable story-teller by a voluntary and most unnecessary avowal of disbelief, he would sooth her into smiles, by affecting to shudder, declaring at the same time that she made him afraid to turn his head lest he should see the spectre at his elbow. Still I believe I

was rather a favorite; at all events, I was sure to hear her very best stories, told in her very best style. It was, indeed, natural she would wish to make a convert of so great a skeptic as I *professed* to be.

To the reader I will confess what I never could be induced to own to the old lady—her stories, or rather, perhaps, her manner of telling them, often made a very deep impression on me; and my incredulity, at first assumed, because I thought the world imputed cowardice to the credulous, was afterwards persisted in, partly from a desire to appear consistent, but principally to irritate Mrs. Douce.

All this may seem a little unamiable; but it must be remembered that I was a mere youth at the time of which I speak; indeed, all that I am about to tell, happened when I was but three-and-twenty.

I carried my bravado so far, that, after laughing at all her ghost stories, I declared that to live in a haunted house, to sleep in a haunted chamber, nay actually to be visited by a real authenticated ghost, would be to me delightful! Then did Sally Douce shake at me her wrinkled head, point at me her attenuated finger, and solemnly and slowly say:

"Young man, young man, beware of what you say. If the dead can visit the living, when I am buried in Maltby church-yard, we shall meet again!"

It shortly afterwards seemed but too probable that I should be myself the first inhabitant of that bit of consecrated ground. It was Christmas time: I was as usual the guest of my friend Charles, and never was there a merrier Christmas circle than that formed by myself and the family of my friend. His brothers and

sisters were with him at the time, and we were all as gay as health and youth could make us. Lady Maltby, though already a mother, was the greatest child amongst us; and we were none of us ashamed to romp at hide-and-seek, hunt-the-slipper, or puss-in-the-corner.

After these sportive gambles, old Sally's stories were heard with double effect: and often did we sit at midnight in some large tapestried chamber, dark with oak, and purposely left in gloom, while her clear and solemn voice riveted the attention of the party. When she paused, there was always silence for a minute, and then, I am ashamed to say, the spell was generally broken by my most irreverent titter. Then would the old lady look round upon me; the head was again shaken, the finger again pointed, and the words of warning were again repeated!

It was during this visit that I was seized with a most dangerous fever. For many weeks did I lie almost unconscious of what was passing around me. Nothing could exceed the kindness of my friend and his family; and had Mrs. Sally Douce been my mother, she could not have been more devotedly attentive. I called her my ghostly comforter; and one day, half in earnest, half in jest, I said, that after all it seemed probable she would receive a *post mortem* visit from me, instead of her fulfilling her oft repeated promise. She shook her head, pointed her finger, and if she did not audibly add the usual words of warning, I saw that it was only from a consideration of my weak state.

When I was restored to health, this same warning became quite a jest in the family; and though I had a

secret awkward recollection of having felt chilled when her finger was pointed at me as I lay on my bed of sickness, still I strove to drown the recollection, and when it would not pass away, I laughed more loudly than before, and affected even greater unconcern.

When I left Maltby Hall I was about to travel for some months on the continent. I took leave of kind companions, who were assembled on the steps to bid me adieu. After entering the carriage, I called to Mrs. Sally Douce who stood courtesying on the top of the flight, saying I hoped to encounter a real German goblin ere I saw her again. She looked vexed, and with a malicious smile, which I never saw upon her face before, she shook her head, pointed her finger, and, as the carriage drove off, I heard the warning words mingled with the laughter of my friends.

How wrong is it to jest with serious objects! Who shall say, that in the still hours of night, the disembodied spirit may not walk the earth, and, in the semblance of its mortal form, bend over the couch of those dear to it when incased in its mortal tenement? I say not that it is so; but, oh! let no one say it cannot be so. I that have been the first to laugh, to boast of incredulity, I here declare that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

For more than a year I rambled on the continent; and so rapid and uncertain were my movements that after the first two months, I received no communication from my Maltby friends. I returned by the Rhine, visiting all those places most celebrated in the legen-

dary tales of Germany. Here the latent seeds of superstition were called into the bud and bloom; and I returned to England fully qualified to be a boon companion to Mrs. Sally Douce—to become not only an attentive listener, but to give her tale for tale!

As soon as my arrival was announced, I received the kindest letter from Sir Charles Maltby, requesting me immediately to pay the hall a visit. This letter concluded thus: "My brothers and sister are now with me, and will be delighted to see their old playfellow again. Lady Maltby desires me to say that we have recently lost your ancient friend (or rather, perhaps, I ought to say foe) Mrs. Sally Douce. But the intelligence may after all be unnecessary, should she have carried her oft-repeated warning into effect."

I may be thought silly, nay almost imbecile, in acknowledging the effect which this announcement of a very old housekeeper's demise had upon my nerves and spirits. I could think of nothing else—the warning seemed for ever ringing in my ears, while I saw the finger pointed, and the old head shaken.

I dreaded going to Maltby-hall. It was not so much that I feared missing the old lady, as that I anticipated not missing her! I thought that, though invisible to others, for me she might "revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous."

It was, however, impossible I should avow these feelings, and make them a plea for refusing my friend's invitation. On the contrary, I accepted it, making no allusion in my letter to the death of Mrs. Douce; and on the appointed day (it was a day in November) I alighted at the door of Maltby-hall. My friend rushed

out to receive me on the steps, and I hastily and involuntarily glanced beyond them to the spot where the old lady had stood on the day of my departure. She alone was absent from the ground; and yet I felt as if she still stood there, pointing her finger, shaking her head, and breathing the never-to-be-forgotten warning. I am sure that my friends noticed my abstraction, and guessed the cause—indeed they have since confessed as much;—but at that time no notice was taken of it, and no mention was made of the late Mrs. Douce.

It was time to prepare for dinner when I arrived; and, as it was getting dark, my friend escorted me to my room, and placing a light on the table, bade me make haste, and left me to attend to my toilette. It was the same room I had occupied at Maltby when last there, during my serious indisposition—the same bed, the same furniture, all arranged the same way. There stood the sofa on which poor Mrs. Sally for many a night reposed while I needed her attendance; and by the fire I beheld, to the best of my belief, the very same teakettle with which she used to make my midnight tea. I would have given the world to have occupied any other room in the mansion, any other but that, and the one formerly occupied by the old lady herself. But what was I to do? Expose myself by an avowal of my superstitious dread—I who had so often laughed at the fears of others? It was not to be thought of. I hastily changed my dress and descended to the drawing-room. Dinner was soon announced, and with Lady Maltby on my arm I crossed the spacious hall, while the rest of the family followed us to

the dining-room. The hall was dimly lighted, and at its extremity we had to go through a passage in which was the housekeeper's room—that room which had formerly been the abiding place of Mrs. Sally Douce. As we passed I involuntarily started back—I had glanced toward the dark passage, and there—could it be fancy—I had seen, far off, indeed, and dim, and shadowy, the form of the old housekeeper herself! My companions eagerly asked me why I paused; but having glanced that way a second time and seen nothing, I attributed my hesitation to the slipperiness of the marble pavement, and proceeded to the dining-room. Never did I pass so dull an evening in that mansion, yet never did I feel less inclination to retire for the night. But everybody betrayed their consciousness of my want of agreeableness, by remarking how fatigued I seemed to be after my journey; and as they one by one took their candles and withdrew to their bed-rooms, I was at length obliged to light my own, and prepare for departure. Lady Maltby, ere she left the drawing-room, expressed a hospitable look that I should be comfortable.

"You have got," said she, "the same chamber you occupied during your long illness: you will, I hope, find all your old comforts about you—but ——"

She did not finish the sentence; she sighed, looked down, and left the room; and I, feeling sure that we were both thinking of the defunct, felt my cheeks glow, and my heart palpitate.

To bed I went, and leaving a large wood fire burning on the hearth, after a very considerable, and far from comfortable period, I fell sound asleep. How

long I slept I know not; but I started from a dream of the dead, fully convinced that I had heard a noise in my room. I lay trembling awake for a few seconds, and all around me being as quiet as the grave, I at length ventured to draw aside the curtain and peep forth. The large wood fire had dwindled down to a few flickering embers, just enough to make every part of the room visible to me, without any part being distinctly so. Far off in the corner, most dim and remote, stood the sofa, as it used to stand; and there (did my eyes deceive me!) lay the form of Mrs. Sally, as she used to lie in the by-gone days of my typhus fever! Was it a shawl, a cloak, a garment of any kind left accidentally there, and did my fears fashion it into the semblance of a human form? It might be so—I would ascertain—certainty could hardly be more horrible than doubt. I raised my head, sat up in my bed; still it was no shawl—no cloak, no garment; it was the housekeeper—nothing but the housekeeper! I know not what possessed me; there was desperation in the effort, I called her!—called the dead by the same name, in the same voice with which, in the days of my illness, I used to summon the living! There was a pause, and then—oh! how shall I paint my feelings? the form slowly arose, and in a moment more the eyes of Mistress Sally Douce were fixed upon me! She shook her wrinkled head; she pointed her skinny finger, and though I heard no sound, I knew by the motion of her colorless lips that she was exulting in the fulfillment of her warning words. I moved not; I spoke not; the perspiration streamed from my brow, and there we sat gazing on one another, I scarcely more alive than herself.

At length she moved. With noiseless step she crossed the chamber, and waving her hand began to prepare, as of old, one of those messes so palatable to a feverish patient. If a supernatural visitant be awful in repose, how much more awful is it when in motion! the step so noiseless, the gown without a rustle, and when preparing my unearthly drink, the tea-spoon came in contact with the tumbler without a sound. At length she seemed to have mingled the ingredients in their due proportions, and noiselessly again she moved towards the fire; she raised the tea-kettle from the embers, and having poured some water into the glass she held, she silently approached the bed. Still I moved not; I called not for assistance; and when she extended toward me the draught she had prepared, I felt it would be useless to reject it. Though mixed by no living hand, though bearing inevitable torpor to the vitals of the drinker, still I knew that I was doomed to drink. Oh, how I dreaded the icy coldness of that fatal potion! The pale hand was still extended, and with rash impetuosity I put the tumbler to my lips: Oh, hot—hot—burning hot; hotter than the flames of a place that shall be nameless, was the supernatural burning of that spell-wrought decoction! With one leap I sprang from my bed to the centre of the apartment, and roaring with pain and terror, I lay extended on the floor. In an instant the whole family of the Maltbys rushed into my chamber, all laughing with a heartiness which could only be equalled by the heartiness of the laugh of the ghost of Mistress Sally Douce.

I very soon swallowed a second tumbler of hot

punch, which she was kind enough to prepare for me; and though I am still on the most intimate footing with the Maltby family, I shall be the very last person in the world to vindicate their conduct.

THE END.